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THE SIGH.

BY WALLER.

As in the hour
Of sultry stillness on a summer day,
The pearly shower,
Ushered by zephyr's gentlest breeze,
Falls genial through the drooping trees,

So when the breast
In pensive silence glowing love has sealed
With care oppressed,
Anon the gently heaving sigh,
Whispers of cooling tear-drops nigh.

A WIFE'S PERIL

—OR—

THE PRICE OF HER SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IN A PRISON CELL.

A LONG, broad corridor, with an arched roof, well lighted, and a row of cells on either side; the cells exactly of the same size, the same doors, the same small grating through which the prisoner could be seen and watched at the will of the warder; each cell bearing its own number, each door rigorously closed. Silence the deepest and most profound reigned in the corridor—no sound could be heard.

There was nothing peculiar in the external appearance of the cell marked No. 21, but within sat a prisoner on whom the attention of all England was fixed—a young and most beautiful woman, although the loveliness of her face was marred by its pallor and the wild, hunted look in her eyes. Being still on remand, she did not wear the ordinary prison dress, and her own—a picturesque mixture of rich black velvet and silk—seemed strangely out of place in that bare and desolate cell.

The attention of all England and Scotland was concentrated on that young and beautiful girl; the papers eagerly reported every detail connected with her past and present life, every detail of the case which was known was the "Mystery of Colde Fell." It was discussed more fully than any case that had been before the public for many years, and the strange thing was that the more it was discussed, the more people were puzzled by it; for the girl who sat in the small cell, alternating between the fever of passion and the chill of despair, was Hester Blair, who had been apprehended and charged with the terrible crime of poisoning her husband, Angus Graham Blair, Esquire, of Colde Fell. Popular attention had been drawn at once to the case, for Angus Graham Blair was a well-known member of society, and Mrs. Blair, although young, ranked as a beauty and a graceful hostess, and had been greatly admired. Mr. and Mrs. Blair moved in good society; they were wealthy people. The sudden, tragical death of the one, and the imprisonment on the charge of murder of the other, had caused one of the greatest sensations known for many years.

The prison clock struck eleven; Hester Blair slowly counted the strokes—only eleven, and it seemed to her that she had been sitting there, with that same sunbeam playing over her for long days; only eleven, and she had to live through the hours until night.

"If I had room to move—if I could pace up and down—if there were but space, and air, and freedom!"

Three times she crossed and re-crossed the little cell; she stretched out her beautiful arms as though she would measure it.

"One breath—just one breath," she said, "of the cool, sweet breeze that comes sweeping over the heather at Colde Fell. I could bear it better if I had air to breathe—space to move in; these four narrow walls seem to have shut up my soul. I can not even think. Eleven o'clock. If I were at Colde Fell this morning at this hour, I should be reading under the cedar-boughs or sitting by the lake; yet I am standing here, with the scaffold in front of me. Great Heaven, take pity! They dare not hang me! I am young, and men say fair; the people would not see me die. They dare not hang me! I am a girl. Who ever saw a girl hanged? The crowd would take pity on me and rescue me. I need not fear."

She talked rapidly to herself as she walked to and fro in the narrow cell. She clasped her white throat with her hands.

"I have worn pearls and diamonds here," she cried, with a terrible laugh. "Who will dare to bruise my tender skin with a rope? Yet Anne Boleyn's slender neck did not save her. But I should not live," she continued, with a terrible shudder. "If they took me out to a scaffold, I should fall on my face dead, and the people would cry out that I was innocent, and that Heaven had taken me."

A movement outside, a click at the door, which opened slowly, and the prison matron, Mrs. Grant, entered: a clever, kindly woman, with firm eyes and firm lips.

"Number twenty-one," she said, "your lawyer is here, and wishes to see you."

Number twenty-one struck her white hands on the table, and marked them with a great, dark bruise.

"Thank Heaven!" she cried, "that I may look on a human face and listen to a human voice. It seems to me that my cell is full of spirits, and they will speak of the past and the future."

"An uneasy conscience," thought the matron, but she made no comment, and the lawyer entered; Dudley Ross, one of the youngest, but most clever and famous lawyers in Scotland. He had the best practice in Ardrossan, and had chosen to defend the beautiful and unfortunate Hester Blair.

She looked at him wistfully as he came in.

"You have been in the fresh air and sunshine," she said, quickly. "Could you not have brought in some for me?"

"There is but little sunshine in this dreary place," he replied. "Good-morning, Mrs. Blair. I have hastened to you. The assizes are fixed for the twenty-fourth; we have no time to lose."

"The assizes!" she cried, her beautiful face growing colorless even to the lips. "I can not realize it, Mr. Ross; it seems to me like a hideous dream—a nightmare—a horror that I can not face! Do you mean to tell me that I, Hester Blair, must stand and take my trial in a crowded court on a charge of murder?"

"It is so, unfortunately," he replied; "but, remember, trial is not conviction—people are acquitted as well as condemned. Will you sit down, Mrs. Blair, and let us begin business at once? I want to draw an outline of your defense this morning."

"How can it be my defense," she said, "when I am innocent?"

"I want to prove your innocence," he answered, quietly, "and I can do it best from your own lips. Will you sit down, Mrs. Blair, and we will begin."

He drew his chair to the table and placed on it different papers and closely folded documents; she sat opposite to him, fear and anger in her eyes.

"As the case stands in its bare details," he said, "without any defense, I am bound most sorrowfully to say, it is against you. The question is, On what grounds shall I conduct the defence? You have a good case of your own, no doubt?"

"I have none," she replied. "I have no defense."

"No defense?" he repeated.

"None, except my own word. I did not do it; I am perfectly innocent of all knowledge of it."

Dudley Ross looked perplexed.

"You must have more to say than this," he cried; "the unraveling of the mystery must lie in your hands."

"It does not," she answered, slowly but firmly. "I know nothing of it. I did not do it! It is absurd to think that I, who have never injured any human being, who have never inflicted pain on anything created; I who have turned aside in my path lest I should tread upon a worm; that I could have murdered my husband—a crime so black and horrible as to be rare even in this wicked world. Even supposing that I could be black enough in heart and soul to have done such a thing—what interest had I in such a deed?"

"The world says you disliked him," said Mr. Ross.

"That is quite true," she replied, calmly. "I disliked him more than any man I have ever met."

"The world says you cared for—or I may say plainly—you loved Sir Alan Fletcher, Mrs. Blair; and the world kindly adds that was your motive for the murder."

"It is false!" she replied. "Sir Alan Fletcher knew me—knew my story and pitied me; he was always kind, attentive and courteous to me—all else is calumny and scandal. Mr. Ross," she continued, raising her beautiful eyes to his, "believe me in this; I am twenty-one years of age, but I have never given the love of my heart to any man."

Such truth shone in her eyes that he believed her, and knew that one of the rumors current in the world about her was false and baseless.

CHAPTER II.

FROM A NEWSPAPER.

"The best plan will be for me to read to you my notes as far as I have made them," said Mr. Ross.

She looked at him wistfully.

"I wish you would do me one favor," she said. "Tell me my own story, as if I were a stranger, that I may judge dispassionately of it. Tell me the case as the papers represent it. Do not spare me or my feelings. I wish to hear it as the world believes it."

"It will not be pleasant to you, Mrs. Blair, and at present I can only give you one-half of it, and that is the half which is against you; the other half, which is your defense, I shall not know until you have intrusted me. Briefly, then, the case against you is this—perhaps I had better read to you what the 'Scotch Herald' has to say on the subject. Remember, you have asked me to do so."

"I prefer to hear it," she replied briefly.

Mr. Ross selected one of the many newspapers that lay close to his hand, and unfolding it proceeded to read. She sat listening, her face pale, her hands folded, her eyes riveted on his features, her lips slightly parted, as though she would drink in every word. He read to her as follows:

"THE MYSTERY OF COLDE FELL.—The public interest in this case has by no means died away. Since the apprehension of the young and beautiful Mrs. Blair, popular curiosity seem to have increased. For the benefit of those of our readers who have not heard the details of this cause celebre, we republish them. On Tuesday evening, May the 25th, Angus Graham Blair, Esq., of Colde Fell, near Ardrossan, after dining with friends specially invited for the occasion, was suddenly seized with a terrible illness, which in a short time ended in death. The deceased gentleman endured half an hour of terrible agony; doctors were summoned in haste, everything possible was done to save him, but all in vain. The dismay and consternation of his friends can easier be imagined than described. It was intensified when both doctors—Dr. Young, of Ardrossan, and Dr. Stewart, of Athole—declared that the deceased gentleman was dying from poison by arsenic.

"The horror of the occurrence was increased when the wife of the dying man entered his room. He raised himself by a tremendous effort, and pointing at her with one finger, he cried: 'You did it! I am dying—poisoned like a rat in a hole. You did it!' Some one present uttered a few words of remonstrance, but he gasped out again: 'She did it! She has always hated me. She brought me a cup of coffee into the conservatory, and that has killed me.'

"There was a dead silence for a few minutes, and then one of the gentlemen cried out:

"'That is more than enough to hang any one,' and Dr. Stewart said:

"'Hush! we must have justice—fair play and justice. I will find the coffee cup.'

"He went into the conservatory and found the cup still standing where the unfortunate gentleman had left it. It was at once secured, and when the dregs of the coffee were analysed, the presence of arsenic was at once detected. Captain James and Sir John Hart were with Mr. Blair in the conservatory when Mrs. Blair brought him in the fatal cup. They had all three gone to the conservatory there to enjoy some very choice cigars. Mr. Blair always took coffee after dinner. It had been brought into the drawing-room for all the guests; some declined it, some partook of it. With her own hands Mrs. Blair took a cup of coffee to her husband, who was seized with fatal illness directly after drinking it. Sir John Hart took coffee; Captain James declined it. Immediately after she had given her husband the coffee, Mrs. Blair left the drawing-room, and was not seen again by the visitors until she entered her husband's sick-room.

"Immediately after drinking the coffee the unfortunate gentleman was seized with terrible pains, and falling to the floor, he cried out loudly for help. The visitors rendered all the assistance possible, but nothing could avert the fatal result. Mr. Blair died, after a time of terrible suffering. The house was at once placed under the surveillance of the police. Mrs. Blair was apprehended. A vigorous search was instituted, the result of which was that a small packet of arsenic, of which a small quantity had been taken, was found in a private drawer in Mrs. Blair's dressing-case. Mr. and Mrs. Blair lived very unhappily together; the prisoner has often been heard to express a wish that she could leave the deceased. The case has been remanded until the June assizes at Ardrossan. The famous Dudley Ross has undertaken the defence of Mrs. Blair, and the trial is looked forward to with great excitement. The visitors present at the dinner which ended so fatally were Sir John Hart, Captain James, Sir Alan Fletcher, and Captain Archibald Douglass. We shall give more details of this most distressing and tragical case in our next issue."

"That is the report of the 'Scotch Herald,'" said Mr. Ross, "and the others resemble it. I need not read any more; you

see for yourself, Mrs. Blair, that, as the case reads, it is against you. Why did you put that packet of arsenic in your dressing-case? You should have destroyed that the very first thing."

"I forgot all about it," she replied. "It never occurred to my mind. I had forgotten that it was there."

An embarrassed silence lasted for some minutes.

"It was strange," said the lawyer, slowly, "that you should forget."

"Why should I have remembered it, above all, just then?" she asked. "Why when I heard that my husband was dying, should I have rushed to my dressing-case to destroy that?"

"Because it was the most terrible witness against you," he answered.

For one moment lawyer and client looked steadily into each other's eyes, they seemed to read each other's soul. Then a spasm of pain passed over her face and her lips quivered.

"We had better speak plainly," she said. "You are here to defend me. Have you already judged me?"

"My dear Mrs. Blair, be reasonable," he said. "We are strangers to each other. If I had to judge from your face I should say you were innocent as an angel. The defense in your case has been put into my hands. I must judge from the circumstances that surround the case. One thing is quite certain in a matter of this kind, it is the best and wisest policy always to tell your own lawyer the perfect truth. Knowing it, he still takes the greatest interest in clearing you. Knowing it, he is forewarned and forearmed; at no point of the case can anything unforeseen turn up and perhaps spoil the whole line of his defense. It is better, wiser, more politic in every sense and way that the lawyer who holds the defense in his hand should know the exact and perfect truth."

There was silence again for some minutes, and the prisoner's beautiful face grew more troubled. Mr. Ross went on:

"A lawyer knows almost as much of human nature as a doctor or a priest. Nothing surprises him, nor should any one be afraid to make a full confession to him. It is the safest and the only plan."

The troubled face drooped still lower. The lawyer's kindly heart was deeply touched.

"Now you, Mrs. Blair, for instance; we will take yours as a case in point; supposing that, instigated by anger, by jealousy, by dislike, you have really committed this crime, you have really done the deed with which you are charged; that you have poisoned your husband. Suppose that, at the very worst, it is true, the wisest and best plan will be to confide in me, to tell me every detail, so that I may not be taken unawares by any unforeseen evidence that turns up.

"From what you have read of the case, Mr. Ross, and from what you have heard, will you tell me what you yourself think—do you judge me innocent or guilty?"

"That is hardly a fair question," he replied. "As I have said, if I judged you from outward appearances, I should say 'innocent as an angel.' If I judged you by the bare newspaper report, I should say that appearances were decidedly against you. My business is to find out the truth, and then do the best I can for you."

The troubled look seemed to clear from her face; she glanced at him, and in her beautiful blue eyes there seemed nothing to hide.

"I will tell you the truth," she said. "I can not compel you to believe it. I am as innocent of this crime as you are. I am as innocent of any knowledge or complicity in it as you can be; and I call Heaven, my only refuge, to witness the truth of what I say?"

She had raised her right hand with the instinct of one telling the truth; her beautiful face shone with an earnest glow. She looked so lovely, so girlish, so simple, that he could not help believing her; his heart went out to her with a warm impulse of faith and confidence.

"I know no stronger words than these," she said, "that in my fear and despair I appeal to the most merciful Heaven to witness the truth of what I am saying—I am innocent!"

"I believe you," said Dudley Ross, with a great sigh of relief.

Her face brightened.

"Now you will be able to defend me," she said; "you could not when you doubted me."

"I am not quite sure that I ever did really doubt you, Mrs. Blair—I do not know. I will work with redoubled zeal to clear you. You will give me all the details."

"I will tell you all I know," she replied.

"The story, as told in the newspapers, is true, I presume?" he said.

"True in many respects," she answered. "The four gentlemen named dined with us. My husband and I had a few words even about that same dinner. He wished to have this small dinner-party on Tuesday, May the twenty-fifth, and I wanted him to postpone it until Thursday. He refused to do so, and although I was annoyed I submitted, and the party was arranged. Sir Alan Fletcher from Byrne, the man whom, you tell me, the world falsely said 'I love,' was there. I have known him ever since I first came to Colde Fell. He has always been the same to me—kind, friendly, sympathetic, and good. Sir John Hart was there, he was one of my husband's oldest friends. Captain James I know little of, except that he was a bad companion for my husband. He is fond of drink and play."

She hesitated half a moment, only half a moment, but Dudley Ross was quick enough to see it."

"The fourth and the last visitor——" he began.

She interrupted quietly and calmly, "was Captain Archie Douglass, whom I knew but little, although he was perhaps the most intimate friend of my husband."

CHAPTER III.

"YOU DID IT."

DUDLEY ROSS continued:

"Those four gentlemen composed the whole of your dinner-party. Sir Alan Fletcher, whom you like, who has always been a kind friend to you; Sir John Hart, your husband's old friend, whom you respected; Captain James, of whom you know little except that he was a bad companion for your husband, being fond of drink and play; and Captain Douglass; there were no others present, no ladies?"

Her face flushed slightly.

"No," she replied, "no ladies, no one else."

"Will you tell me all that passed from the time the visitors came until the accident happened?"

"There was nothing whatever unusual," she said, "nothing to distinguish that dinner-party from any other. As I have told you, my husband and I disagreed about it, but finding he was determined I gave way; I acknowledge that we were not on good terms, we had not exchanged a word during the whole day, he was cross, and I was angry. I said he should have his dinner-parties when it suited me to receive his guests. He said he should invite his friends whenever it pleased him, and without consulting me. I retorted that I never wished to see either him or his friends again. He sneered and answered that no doubt I should like my freedom, and from my heart I cried out that I should. But I never thought that freedom could or should come to me from death. We did not speak that day again. I went to my dressing-room as usual, and my maid, Lucy Earnshaw, dressed me for dinner."

"Did you talk to her," asked Dudley Ross, "on any important subject?"

Mrs. Blair's face flushed again.

"I am afraid," she answered, "that I was very imprudent. Lucy Earnshaw was much attached to me, and I talked too freely perhaps to her. Yes, I did talk to her, and I expressed more than one wish that I was free."

"And she, being upon her oath, was compelled to repeat this at the inquiry?" asked Dudley Ross.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Blair, briefly.

"Will you go on with your story of that evening?" asked Dudley Ross.

She continued: "When I went down to the drawing-room all the visitors were assembled. Sir Alan Fletcher took me down to dinner. My husband and I did not speak. The dinner passed off pleasantly enough. The usual routine on these occasions was for my husband and three of his friends to play at cards. Sir Alan Fletcher never touched cards; he talked, played, or sung with me. Mr. Blair liked coffee served in the drawing-room, and his invariable rule was to go into the conservatory and wander about amongst the flowers, while he smoked a cigar and drank his coffee.

"On this night Sir John Hart and Captain James went with him. My husband was smoking; the others were not. He did not walk about as usual, but sat near the great door that opened on to the lawn; I could see him distinctly. Sir Alan Fletcher had gone to the piano. Captain Douglass stood leaning against the mantel-piece, watching me as I poured out the coffee. I did not ring for a servant to wait, to carry round the cups, I did not care to interrupt Sir Alan's music, besides which, it was my usual fashion to carry my husband's cup to him. On this evening I asked Sir Alan to take some coffee, and he declined. I turned to Captain Douglass, who was anxious to take some; he complained of headache, and that coffee was an excellent remedy. I gave him a cup and he stood at some little distance drinking it. 'No need to ask Captain James,' I said to him, laughingly; 'he never refuses coffee; he loves it as a Chinese does his opium."

"I poured out then two cups; into the one intended for my husband I put, as I always did, an extra quantity of cream. 'Mr. Blair likes cream,' I said. Captain Douglass laughed. 'You seem to know the tastes of all concerned,' he said, and I laughingly answered that I had plenty of time to study them.

"Then a sudden impulse came to me. Proud and stubborn, I said to myself that I would not take my husband's coffee to him unless he asked me for it. I went to Captain James, taking a cup for him, which I placed by his side while he spoke some few laughing words. I stood there perhaps for a minute and a half, certainly not longer, then I found husband looking at me, steadily and calmly, but with an expression in his eyes I did not like at all. My better nature asserted itself. I went to fetch him his coffee."

"He did not speak?" said Dudley Ross.

"No, he did not utter one word, but he looked at me. I went back to the table. I remember that I added a little more cream to the coffee, stirred it, and took it to him. Sir Alan was still at the piano. Captain Douglas had crossed the room and was standing at a little table near the piano, looking over some photographs. Neither of them, so far as I remember, looked at me. Feeling rather tired, I thought I would go to my own room and rest. I was not much interested in anything that was passing.

"In my own room I fell asleep; I heard nothing of the commotion that passed until my maid, Lucy Earnshaw, burst into my room, crying out, 'For Heaven's sake, madame, come into my master's room, they say he is dying!' I could not believe my own ears. 'That is impossible!' I cried. 'I left him half an hour since quite well.' 'It is true, madame,' she replied; 'he was seized with dreadful pains, with terrible agony, and Robert Byrne, the groom, saddled Black Bess to ride to Ardrossan in search of medical aid, and fortunately met two doctors who were driving home together after a consultation at Thornpeth. They came at once, and before they had been with the master many minutes they said he was dying from poison, and they were both sure that the poison used was arsenic.'

"I cried that it was impossible; that it could not be; but Lucy would not listen. 'Come,' she said, 'come at once,' and I followed her in haste. We went to my husband's room, which was on the other side of the house. Long before I reached it I could hear her cries. 'Oh, Lucy,' I said, 'listen.' 'They grow fainter,' she said: 'he will not cry much longer.'

"I shall never forget my horror when I entered the room. My husband lay, livid and terrible to see, on the bed, the doctors on either side of him, and his four friends all in the room. 'Why did you not send for me before?' I cried, and no one answered. Then I wonder the horror of the moment did not kill me; it will haunt me until I die. My husband raised himself and pointed at me with his finger.

"'You did it!' he cried, and I was too bewildered even to understand at first what he meant. 'You did it!' he repeated. 'I am dying like a rat in a hole, and it was you.'

"Some one, the doctor standing by his side, said something to him; he only cried the louder:

"'She did it! She has always hated me. She brought me a cup of coffee into the conservatory, and that has killed me.'

Then others spoke. Some remonstrated with him; and I heard one voice say:

"'That is more than enough to hang any one.'

"Then he died—before I could reach him. True, I never loved him, and we did not live happily together; but I wanted to fling myself on my knees by his side, and cry unto him that I had not done it, and that I knew nothing about it, but there was no time, no time. Some one fetched the cup which held the coffee, and the doctor with the keen, dark face, Stewart, of Athole—examined it.

"'There is arsenic here!' he cried—'most surely,' and then they fell back from me; it seemed almost as though I and the dead man were alone for a moment together. Sir Alan and Captain Douglas whispered together; Sir John Hart and Captain James spoke eagerly, and in an undertone, to the doctors. They fell back from me, and I knew they thought me guilty, even my old friend, Sir Alan. I cried aloud; I went to the foot of the bed and stood looking at them like a hunted animal at bay.

"'I am innocent,' I cried; 'I know no more of this than any of you do, less even, because I was not with you when he was taken ill.'

"They looked at me sadly, sorrowfully, pitifully. I saw tears in Sir Alan's eyes. Doctor Stewart was the only one who answered me.

"Did you pour out the coffee with your own hands?" he asked.

"'Yes,' I answered, eagerly; 'not for my husband alone, but for all of them."

"'Did you carry it to him with your own hands?' he asked again.

"'I did; no one else touched it or came near it,' I answered.

"'And your husband, lying there dead now, declared that that cup of coffee killed him.'

"'It could not have done!' I cried. 'They all had the same coffee, the same cream and sugar, but it has hurt no one else.'

"'The inference is that the poison was put only into the cup prepared for your husband,' said Doctor Grant.

"I cried out that I could only swear that I had not put it there. I knew nothing of it, no more than they did. But I saw from their faces they did not believe me. My dead husband had accused me, who should free me?

"I can hardly remember what passed until I found myself in custody on the charge of murdering my husband by poison. And I swear to you, Mr. Ross, I know no more of this crime now than I did then!"

CHAPTER IV.

"WHY DID YOU BUY IT?"

DUDLEY ROSS listened with profound attention; he did not lose one word that fell from those beautiful lips. He was silent for some time thinking deeply.

"I must confess," he said at last, "that I can not see my way clearly."

"I do not know one single detail more that would throw any light on the mystery," she said, with a weary sigh. "I have thought over it in every way; the more I think, the more I lose myself in wonder."

"Had any creature living an interest in your husband's death?" asked Dudley Ross.

"No," she replied. "My husband was a rich man; he had few relations, and soon after we were married he made a will in my favor. I do not know if he has altered it, but then he left all he had in the world to me."

"Then really the only person to gain by Mr. Blair's death is you yourself. You gain his money and your freedom."

"I have always spent as much as I desired. Whatever other faults my husband possessed, avarice or meanness was not one of them—he was most generous and openhearted. I shall not gain much by his death. You say that I gain my freedom. If he had been twenty times a greater tyrant than he was—if I had hated him with twenty times greater hate, still I would not have hurt one hair of his head."

"You wanted your freedom?" said Dudley Ross.

"Yes," she answered, "but not at that price."

"There seem but two solutions of the mystery—either he has been killed that some one may gain money, or because he was an obstacle that some one wished to remove. If you did not seek your own freedom, Mrs. Blair, from what you felt to be an unbearable yoke, has any one else, do you think, tried to win it for you? That is the only other solution of the puzzle that I can find."

"No," she replied. "Very few people knew how sad and sorrowful my life was, and amongst those who did know, there was not one who would have committed so cruel and so foul a crime as to kill my husband in order to free me; the very idea is monstrous."

"The crime is monstrous, no matter what the motive may be," said Dudley Ross. "Forgive me, Mrs. Blair, but amongst your husband's friends is there any one who admires you, or who is at all in love with you? You are a beautiful woman, and men are wretchedly weak."

"No," she answered; "as a rule my husband's friends did not like me, I think. The four who dined with us that evening were all inclined to like me; Sir Alan was my best friend."

"There was no one sufficiently in love with you to make him desire your hus-

band's death that you might be free; forgive the question, Mrs. Blair; it gives me great pain to ask, but if such a man lived—a man who had conceived a grand passion for you, and would stop at nothing in his way, such a man would have an interest in your husband's death."

"No such man exists," she answered, coldly. "I have told you already that I have never loved any man. I have not been a good wife, inasfar as this—I married without love, and I never learned to love my husband, but I have never condescended to anything so mean or so contemptible as a light love. I have not been a faithless wife, the elements of human love have not entered my heart."

"Then I am quite at a loss," he said. "Had your husband an enemy?"

"I am quite sure that he had not," she replied. "He was his own enemy, he had no others."

Dudley Ross was silent for some time, then he looked graver and paler, as he said, "There is one awkward point that I have not discussed, Mrs. Blair. You remember that the house at Colde Fell was placed in the hands of the police, and that a vigorous search was made, the result of which was the finding a packet of arsenic hidden in the private drawer of your dressing case; as I have pointed out to you, that is the most damning part of the evidence against you. You must see for yourself," he continued, earnestly, how much it tells against you. Your husband is killed by poison—by arsenic, and a packet of arsenic is found hidden away in your dressing case. Do you not see the obvious inference that every one will draw?"

The flush on her face deepened, yet he could not quite understand the expression on her face. It was of doubt and perplexity rather than fear.

"Tell me," he said, "how the poison came there. Did you put it there?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Did you buy it?" he asked.

"Yes, I purchased it myself," she answered.

"Tell me where," he continued.

"I bought it two months since at Cleiland's, in the High Street, Ardrossan," she replied.

"And some one from there will be sure to appear against you?" he said.

"Without doubt," she replied.

"Tell me, then, Mrs. Blair," continued Dudley Ross, "why did you purchase this poison? I know before I ask or you answer this question that it was not for the purpose of crime."

She looked up at him with a sudden determination.

"I will tell you," she said. "I acknowledge to you that I have always been proud of my beauty. I have always been told that I was fair, and I have been glad to know it. It has been pleasant enough for me to be told that I had a complexion like milk and roses. I wanted to keep it. I read, some months since, that the finest preservative for the complexion was arsenic. A small quantity, almost infinitesimal, placed in the water used for washing, would keep the complexion always bright and clear. I read again that it was not to be used in that way, but taken in quantities so small it could hardly be distinguished. I bought some, for this purpose and no other, I swear before Heaven. I opened the packet and put the smallest grain in the water, then I was frightened at it, and threw it away. I dared not use it; and as Heaven is my judge, I never thought of the packet from that time until my husband's death; and that is the simple, honest, loyal truth."

CHAPTER V.

"THE STORY OF HER LIFE."

DUDLEY ROSS listened in silence to this simple explanation of what had seemed to him a mystery. It was so simple that he could not help believing it, yet the question was—would a jury give credence to it? The very simplicity of it—the shyness and embarrassment with which she had spoken—all tended to make him believe that she had told the simple truth.

To him the explanation was clear enough—but what would a jury think?

"Mrs. Blair," he asked suddenly, "did you ever say anything to your maid, Lucy Earnshaw, as to why you had purchased arsenic?"

She thought silently for some minutes, then she answered:

"No, I did not tell her anything about it; I remember that I felt ashamed even that she should know it. I did not tell her."

"That again is unfortunate," he said, gravely. "If you had told her at the time, she would have been one of the best witnesses for the defense."

"I am pursued by misfortune," she said. "Everything that I have done has turned out wrongly. I wish I had told her."

"You can prove the day and hour when you made this most fatal purchase?" said Mr. Ross.

"Yes," she replied. "I signed a paper which Mr. Cleiland placed before me."

"And this," he said, "is your strongest defense?"

"It is the only one I can give; it is the simple truth," she replied.

"I believe it implicitly," he said. "My only doubt is how it will suit the jury. I am sure you will forgive me," he added, "for saying that although I believe it implicitly myself, it has a certain what I can not help calling 'manufactured' tone about it—the jury are sure to think so."

"I can see now," she said, "clearly how much it is against me."

"Could any one, any servant, any inmate of the house, any visitor, have access to this poison?"

"No one knew it was there but myself," she said, "and I am quite sure it has never been touched. No one ever goes to my dressing case. I do not use it at home; but I take it with me when I go out visiting. I have only unlocked it once during the last four months, and then it was to put the packet away. No one ever has my keys; I keep them myself."

"Did your maid, Lucy Earnshaw, dislike your husband, Mrs. Blair?" asked Dudley Ross, suddenly.

"I never heard her say so. I have never discussed my husband with her. If she had disliked him ever so much, I do not see how she could have put poison into a cup that no one save myself touched."

"It is a mystery," sighed Dudley Ross. "There must be some circumstances in his life, or in yours, which have an influence of which I know nothing. Mrs. Blair, will you tell me the story of your life, as you remember it from the earliest date until now? Do not conceal from me one detail."

"I have but little to tell you," she said. "I was born at Firmanse, and I never left the home of my birth, the scene of my childhood, until I was taken to Colde Fell. My mother died when I was four years old, and her sister, my aunt Flora Macdonald, came at her death to keep house for my father and take care of me."

"My father had been a doctor with a good practice, and had saved some little money; he lost his health and strength while he was, comparatively speaking, young, and in an evil hour he went to live at Firmanse. He had saved money, which, being judiciously invested, brought him a small income, and he meant to do great things with the land and the garden that surrounded the house.

"He hoped to sell the rich fruit there at good prices; he hoped to raise good crops on the fair and fertile meadow-land, and so, for many years, he did. There was not a happier home in all bonny Scotland ours. My father was one of the kindest of men, and my Aunt Flora one of the sweetest and most gentle of women. Up to the age of thirteen I had never known what the words 'trouble' or 'care' meant. I was too young when my mother died to grieve much, and my first sorrow," she continued, "was seeing the gradual strides that poverty made on our little household, and how my father sickened and fell under the burden he could no longer carry.

"At thirteen," she continued, "I had my first trouble. My father lost a great deal of his money, not through his own fault but a company, which had always been considered one of the safest in England, failed, and he lost all that he had invested in it. He was too old and too feeble in health to take up his profession again. 'We must cut down our expenses, and live on the produce of the land,' he said, and that we did.

"Then my troubles began, not that I felt them—children and money troubles are far apart, but I felt them as reflected on my father's face. He had always been accustomed to every comfort if not luxury; he had enjoyed his glass of wine after dinner, and that was the first luxury cut off. He had always liked his glass of whisky in the evening, and that was the second comfort which failed him. He had been accustomed to ride, and had a great affection for his bonny mare Kilkenny: that was sold. He had always enjoyed his morning papers; he gave them up. He never complained. No one ever heard a word from his lips—he affected to make light of all these privations, but it was easy to see how he felt them. His health failed him, his strength left him. The first year that my father trusted to the produce of his garden and lands for his livelihood was one of universal blight. I shall never forget it. In April, warm weather came and forced the blossoms; when the fruit began to form, a cold, cruel frost came and destroyed it. That same year the crops rotted in the meadows, the cattle died of disease, and were reduced to the greatest poverty.

"I could have smiled at it but for my father's sake; but it weighed on him and pressed him down and seemed near killing him. I was thirteen then, and that state of things lasted until I had reached my seventeenth year."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"TO EAT CROW."—The origin of the expression "to eat crow" was thus accounted for lately by an old politican. "Years ago," he said, "a soldier stationed on Governor's Island, N. Y., wandered up into the city and out upon the pasture-lands just north of Chambers Street to have some fun. There he spied a crow hopping about among the cows, and he instantly aimed his gun at it and shot it dead. As he did so, a ragged little boy who had been watching him dashed off with a wild yell in the direction of a distant house. The soldier laughed at what he thought to be the boy's terror at the report of the gun, and, laying it down carefully at the root of a tree, he went to pick up the crow. After that something else attracted his attention, and he did not think of his gun again till he heard an angry voice behind him, and, turning round, found himself gazing straight down the barrel. A furious Dutchman was at the other end of the gun. The soldier had shot the Dutchman's pet crow; the boy had borne testimony to the deed; and now for the penalty. Passing over the heated conversation which followed, the result was that the Dutchman spared the soldier's life only on condition that he would straightway eat the crow that he had shot. The soldier argued vehemently, but to no purpose. He finally secured permission to pluck the crow and cook it a little over a fire made with a few chips. Then he began to eat; but he had eaten more than half of the carrion bird he became so ill that he swore he would rather be shot than finish it. The Dutchman's wrath seemed to be appeased by this time however, and he restored the soldier his gun and bade him begone. The soldier took his gun, but, instead of 'begonning,' he instantly took aim at the Dutchman's head and vowed to blow his brains out if he did not at once eat the other half of the crow. The Dutchman was compelled by fear of death to swallow the rest of the loathsome flesh; and then the soldier departed, leaving the injured Dutchman ready to burst with rage and chagrin. The latter swore vengeance, and next day appeared on Governor's Island and made complaint to the commandant that one of his soldiers had wantonly shot his tame crow. The commandant told the Dutchman to pick out the offender and he should be punished. The Dutchman pointed to a soldier not far away and identified him. Calling the soldier to him, the commandant said sternly, 'Did you ever see this man before?'—pointing to the Dutchman. 'Yes, sir,' replied the soldier, with a laugh in his eyes; 'I dined with him yesterday.' This answer so amused the Dutchman, besides reminding him of how all his friends would laugh at him should the story get out, that he refused to push the complaint against the soldier; and 'to eat crow'—meaning to suffer anything mortifying or humiliating—passed into a proverb from that day."

TEMPORARILY BUSY.—Although women have few "rights" in France, as the word is generally used, and do not participate in government in any direct way, they possess in that country certain privileges which are unusual in this country. Among the tradespeople the wife, instead of being entirely apart from her husband's business, very often exercises a controlling influence over it.

Sometimes, among the lower classes, the French wife finds it necessary to chastise her husband, in order to keep him rigidly to his duties.

Not long ago a party were traveling in a steamer on one of the French rivers. They arrived at a lock, which was closed; nor was there any visible sign of the lock-keeper.

Behind a bunch of trees near by rose the chimney of a cottage, and presently from behind the same tuft of foliage came the sounds of a series of howls, yells, and groans.

"Where is the lock-keeper?" someone asked of the captain of the steamer.

"Oh, he'll be here presently," answered the captain calmly. "He can't come just now; he's busy. His wife is whipping him."

Bric-a-Brac.

EYES.—Artificial eyes were first made in Egypt, of gold and silver, and subsequently of copper and ivory. Hundreds of years later, in the sixteenth century, when they were made in Europe, porcelain was the substance used, and the maker usually stamped his address on the white of the eye.

AUCTIONS IN SILENCE.—A Japanese auction is a most solemn affair. The public do not call out their bids, but write their names, together with the amount they are willing to pay, on slips of paper and put them in a box. These are looked through and the article awarded to the person who has made the biggest offer.

THE SMALLEST BIRD.—The smallest bird now eaten in England is the wheatear, an exquisite little white-fleshed bird like a miniature partridge in flavor. The smallest quadruped that was once a dainty, but is only remembered in Roman tradition, is the dormouse. There are those who have tried the bat and found it tastes like a house mouse, only mousier.

THE MACE.—The mace of the House of Representatives consists of a bundle of thirteen ebony rods entwined and bound together with silver bands. The thirteen ebony sticks represent the thirteen original States of the Union. They are surmounted by a globe of silver upon which the hemispheres are traced, while a silver eagle with outstretched wings is perched upon the summit of the globe. It was made in 1884, and weighs twenty pounds.

WHAT HISSING SIGNIFIES.—Hissing means different things according to where you happen to be at the time. In West Africa the natives hiss when they are astonished; in the New Hebrides when they see anything beautiful. The Basutos applaud a popular orator in their assemblies by hissing at him. The Japanese, again, show their reverence by a hiss, which has probably somewhat the force of the "hush" with which we command silence.

NAPOLEON.—A curious detail of Napoleon Bonaparte's costume was the religious care with which he kept hung around his neck the little leather envelope, shaped like a heart, which contained poison that was to liberate him in case of irretrievable reverses of fortune. This poison was prepared after a receipt that Cabanis had given to Corvisart, and after the year 1806 the Emperor never undertook a campaign without having his little packet of poison.

DEAF PERSON.—"Most deaf persons hear better in the midst of a modern din than when it is quiet around them," observes a writer. "The noise of the cars in travel or the whir of machinery in mills helps to make up the volume of sound necessary to reach their impaired organs. An amusing illustration appears in the case of a very venerable deaf gentleman who lived quite alone. On the very rare occasions when he had a visitor he used to busy himself shaking down the ashes in his coal stove, so that by dint of the supplementary clamor he might catch what his visitor had to say."

SERPENTS.—The power of continuing motionless, with the lifted head projecting forward for an indefinite time is one of the most wonderful of the serpent's muscular feats, and is one of the highest importance to the animal, both when fascinating its victim and when mimicking some inanimate object, as, for instance, the stem and bud of an aquatic plant; here it is only referred to on account of the effect it produces on the human mind, as enhancing the serpent's strangeness. In this attitude, with the round, unwinking eyes fixed on the beholder's face, the effect may be very curious and uncanny.

JAPANESE SCHOLAR.—A Buffalo paper says that Radcliffe College, formerly Harvard Annex, has among its undergraduates this year the first Japanese girl who has come to this country to be educated. She is a Miss Shida-Mori, and she is described as a charming combination of Japanese features, English dress, American coiffure and "Japanese-Anglo" language. She is the daughter of a wealthy banker in Yanagawa, Japan, who was converted to Christianity some years ago and has educated his sons and daughters in that faith. Miss Mori will study in England and France, as well as in the United States, and will then return to Japan to devote herself to educational and missionery work. She is nearly 20 years old.

PENS.—An authority states that the first pens were made of bronze, steel and iron, sharp pointed like a bodkin. These were used in producing hieroglyphics on stone in Assyria and other Eastern countries. Then came the camel's-hair pencil for painting on the skins of animals, and next the stylus of bone, ivory or metal. But parchment and papyrus became known, and the reed pen was invented. Time rolled on, and it was discovered that the quill was better than the reed, and it came into universal use and continued so until far into the present century. Silver, horn, tortoise shell and glass came along only to give way to steel, until in 1820 a gross of the latter pens was made in Birmingham and sold at wholesale for $3. The best gold pens are made in the United States.

OLD LOVE.

BY A. H.

Alas! dear love, when words of thine
I faint to think of, pressing back the tears
that start
Beneath my eyes, when these were mine,
I could not sing for very joy of song; my heart,
My lips were dumb; I could but kiss
Thy face, like one whose soul in bliss
Is lost, and mutely bless,
Dear love, thy tenderness.

But now, ah me, that love, sweet love,
Is dead, and you and I alive; I cannot choose
But sing: for know that, far above
All joy, our unavailing grief has power to
loose
The spell. In broken words, I fain
Would for a while the sense of pain
Forget, and only bless
Old love and tenderness.

BY UNSEEN HANDS

—OR—

WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY?

BY WYNNE WYNTERS.

CHAPTER XX.

JIM DOORE'S STORY.

JIM DOORE cleared his throat once or twice and then settled himself down to his task with the air of a man who knows that he has a good tale to tell and intends telling it well. His listeners, notwithstanding that they all save one knew quite as much as he did about it, and had heard it told and had told it themselves and discussed it many a time, drew their chairs round in a half circle and manifested the liveliest signs of interest.

There were two figures in the background——the stranger and Jim Doore's wife. The former, notwithstanding his grotesque attire, which fell in strange lines about his slim, graceful figure, looked every inch an aristocrat, and a handsome one. He was leaning very far back in an ancient but comfortable easy-chair with a fragrant cigar held between two very white fingers, from which the blue smoke was curling upward in a long straight line. His thin lips were slightly parted in an amused smile, and his clear blue eyes were wandering round the little scene, as though keenly appreciating the oddity of his situation. But beneath it all there was a melancholy cast about his countenance, which it seemed impossible to trace to any one feature, and yet which was certainly there. As a portion of the background to the picture he was distinctly striking.

Not less so was Mrs. Doore, though her appearance was scarcely so picturesque. She was sitting some little distance behind the circle, in a corner where neither the firelight nor the lamplight penetrated, so that her face was in the shadow. Upon her knee was a piece of needlework, to which she was paying no attention whatever, for both her hands had closed upon it, while she was leaning forward like the others toward her husband, her dark eyes glowing in the occasional gleams of firelight which fell upon them. Perhaps a casual observer glancing around, and noticing her twitching fingers and rapt silence, would have come to the conclusion that she was the person who was waiting for Jim Doore's story with the greatest interest.

But as she must have heard it many times it would seem scarcely probable.

The preliminary silence had lasted quite long enough. Recognizing that fact by several faint signs of impatience on the part of his audience, Jim Doore cleared his throat once or twice and commenced:

"You must know, first of all," he said, addressing the stranger, "that yon castle is called Clanavon Castle, and belongs, or leastways it belonged, to the Earl of Clanavon. You've heard of him, nos doubt, sir?"

The stranger nodded. "I have heard of him," he said quietly.

"Well, he wor a great man in Lunnon, and they do say he was always very hard at work on something or other. He looked almost like that."

"He use to come down here sometimes, then?" interrupted the young man for whose benefit—ostensibly—the story was being told.

"That's just what I was going to tell 'ee. Though he was one of the hardest-worked men in Lunnon, and was a Parliament man, and wrote books, and a' that, every two or three months he used to come down here for a few days—sometimes a week—for a sort o' rest. In t' summer he'd coom in a steam yacht; but anyways, however he coom, it was unexpected like. He never let un know oforehand. There be one room in the south tower which he used to use, and it was allus kept ready for him, summer and winter, and all times. It be that room," Jim added, dropping his head a little, "in which you seed the light burning."

"Then who uses it now?" the stranger asked. There was a low chorus of mysterious ejaculations. Jim shook his head in a mysterious manner and crossed himself.

"I'll tell 'ee all as is knowed sur," he said. "When the earl wor here, night after night, we used to see that light burning till daybreak, while he sat a-working with his papers and the such like. Just about at daybreak it used to disappear, and then we knew that he'd gone to bed. He used to sleep till about middle-day, and then he'd come out shooting among the rocks, or sailing a little skiff in the bay, or mayhap fishing till evening again. He used to enjoy himself quite simple like, allus alone; but he used always to look a powerful sight better after a few days here."

"Was he always alone here, then?" the stranger asked.

"Allus. There's never been no visitor to the castle in our time. You see it beant kept up for a company place like. It be all in ruins, except a room or two. Well, it was about—about how long ago wor it, missus?" he asked, turning to his missus.

"About six months," she said quietly.

"Ah, about six months it wor," Jim continued. "About six months ago me and the mate got back from a spell o' fishing, and we see the light in the earl's room. Very bright and powerful it wor. Well, of coors, we all thought that the earl had come down for a spell, and in the morning me and Bill Foulds there, we ups and goes to the castle to see if any fish was wanted. There be only two on 'em up there to look after the place like—Mrs. Smith, a decent old body she is, and her brother, old Joe Craggs, who's but a poor half-witted loon. We went round to the bit o' entrance at the back and straight into the kitchen. Mrs. Smith was not there, and after waiting about a bit we goes into her little room, and there she wor sobbing and going on awful. I thought in coors as 'ow the earl had come unexpected like and found her unpripared, and had been a-giving it to 'er. So I sez: 'What's oop, Martha? 'As he been a-going on aboot summat?' 'Has who bin going on?' she says, a-looking up surprised like. 'Why, the earl,' says I. 'We seed as he was back by the light in the south tower last night.' 'There warn't no light,' says she, a-shaking all over, and clopping 'er hand to a' side. 'Oh, but there wor,' said I; 'Bill and me, and every one on us, we all sawd it as bright as ever could be. When did he coom?' Then she says never another word, but after looking at me for a minute in a way as makes me shiver to think on, she just falls back'ards, and goes off into one o' them there faints. Lor, wot a job me and Bill 'ad wi' 'er; didn't us, Bill?"

The gentleman appealed to withdrew his pipe from his mouth and blew out a cloud of smoke.

"A' reckon we did, Jim," he assented vigorously.

"Well, arter a undoin' of 'er, and pouring pailfuls of cold water over 'er, and pulling feathers out o' t' old cock's tail to burn under 'er nose, and such like means, we get 'er round, but very weak and dazed she seemed. Of coors, directly she could speak we asks 'er wot was up.

"'T' master,' she says, 'master!' 'Well,' says I, 'wot aboot 'im?' 'He's dead,' she whispered. 'Dead!' cried both on us. 'Why he wor 'ere last night, surely. Dead!'

"'Ay, murdered!' she whispered in an awful tone like.

"'Whear?' asks Bill, reg'lar skeered.

"'In Lunnon,' she says, 'day afore yesterday.'

"I couldna seem to believe it, hearing it so sudden, and I wor all dazed like.

"'But t' loight last noight?' I said to 'er.

"She pointed to the key which hung upon the wall, and a sort o' cold chill ran through me when I sees it, for there was cobwebs all round and on it.

"'That key,' she says, 'ain't been moved from that nail for nigh on two months. It wor t' master's orders when we wor 'ere last time that the room wor not to be touched till he coom again.'

"'But we all seed t' loight,' I says, 'me and Bill, an' all on 'em.'

"She wor white to the very lips, and her voice wor all o' a tremble.

"'No one's a-been in t' room. If the loight were theer, God help us all! 'Twor no earthly hand as lit it.'"

CHAPTER XXI.

LORD ALCESTON IS PUZZLED.

THERE WAS A short silence among the little group. The stranger alone was looking more thoughtful than impressed.

"The light has been seen often since then?" he asked, after a few minutes' meditation.

"Ay, moast noights."

"And are you sure that there is no other entrance into the room save by the door of which you saw the key?"

"Noa; there beant no other way in."

"Mrs.—what did you say her name was—the housekeeper? She couldn't have anything to do with it, or her brother?"

"We a' seen it when both on um a' been doon 'ere wi' us."

"It's a strange thing," the young man remarked thoughtfully. "I wonder whether it's alight now?"

He moved toward the door and they all trooped after him. Jim Doore, stepping in front of his guest, lifted the rude wooden latch, and a gust of wind came howling in, extinguishing the lamp which he carried in his hand, and causing the few prints and texts which hung about to rattle against the wall. Bill Foulds, followed by most of the party, turned back to the fireside with a muttered anathema against the folly of exposing their comfortably-warmed selves to the fury of such a tempest until their time came to go; but Jim Doore and his guest stepped outside, closing the door after them, and stood for a moment with the rain beating in their faces, and the gale shrieking about their ears, gazing at the huge black outline of the ruined castle, high up above them. There was no mistake about the lights. One, faint and glimmering, low down on the inland side, Jim pointed out as coming from "Martha's room; the other, high up in the tower, right on the verge of the cliff, was burning with a steady, brilliant light and was even casting a long, livid reflection on the bleak, angry sea below. They looked at them steady for a minute. Then Jim Doore, who was holding the door fast in his hand, pushed it a little way open, and followed by his companions, re-entered the cottage.

They moved their chairs and made room for the stranger by the fire, and he stood there warming himself after the brief exposure to the storm, with the dancing firelight lighting up his thoughtful countenance. They looked at him curiously, wondering what he would say now about their mysterious light, and wondering, too, as they had been all along, who he was and why he had come to this out-of-the-way corner of the world. And there was one among their number, a woman, who sat where she had been sitting all evening, unnoticed and almost unseen, whose dark eyes never once left his face, and from whose cheeks every vestige of color had fled at his coming. She, too, was wondering and dreading.

"'As ta seen t' loight Jim?" Foulds inquired, removing his pipe from his mouth out of deference to the stranger, for it was not his custom when speaking.

The young man started somewhat, as though the question had broken in upon some train of thought.

"Yes, it's there, right enough," he answered. "If it wasn't such a wild night I should feel tempted to go straight away into that room and solve the mystery. But since it has puzzled you all so long it may as well do so for one day longer. To-morrow night I will see into it."

There was a stir among the little group.

"Dost a' think that Mrs. Smith'll let a' go into the room?" Jim Doore asked doubtfully. "There's never no stranger passes inside o' them walls. God A'mighty!" he exclaimed suddenly, springing to his feet and standing with his eyes fastened upon the stranger's. "Look at 'ee!"

"What's the matter, Jim?" cried his partner, also rising to his feet and following Jim's shaking finger, which was pointed straight at the tall young man, who stood calmly before the fire.

"Look at 'ee, I tell a'," repeated Jim. "'Tis t' earl's own face!"

Every eye was fixed upon the stranger, and suddenly every one became conscious of the resemblance—every one, that is to say, except Mrs. Doore, who had possibly known all about it before, for she never moved a muscle on her face.

"As I don't want you to think me a ghost," the young man said, smiling slightly, "perhaps I had better tell you that I am Lord Alceston—Earl of Harrowdean now, I am sorry to say."

"T' earl's son?" gasped Jim Doore.

"Exactly."

There was an awestruck silence, which Lord Clanavon broke.

"I can assure you you've no need to look so frightened," he said, pleasantly. "You've all been very kind to me, and I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you all."

This speech had the effect of setting them all a little more at their ease, but the impossibility of sitting down in the same room with an earl was manifest to all of them. With every description of clumsy but respectful obeisance they dwindled away one by one, while Jim Doore stood by looking helplessly from his wife to his distinguished guest.

"Come, come, Doore; there's nothing to be frightened about," Lord Alceston said, smiling, when the last of them had departed. "I'm sure you've all been very kind to me. I might have been up on the cliff now if it hadn't been for you. Look at your wife, now; she's a sensible woman. She doesn't look a bit disturbed. Well, if you won't sit down again"—for Jim had rigorously declined the chair which his lordship had kicked toward him—"show me where I'm to shake down for the night and I'll go to bed."

Mrs. Doore silently took up a candle, and opened the inner door, revealing another apartment beyond.

"This way, my lord," she said quietly. "I've done my best to make things comfortable, but I'm afraid you'll find it rather rough."

Lord Alceston followed her into the tiny apartment, which, small though it was, was spotlessly clean and neat.

"Nothing could be nicer," he declared. "Good-night, Mrs. Doore. 'Pon my word," he added to himself, looking round approvingly, "that's a very superior woman."

CHAPTER XXII.

A NIGHT JOURNEY.

MRS. DOORE doubtless was a very superior woman, for it was quite evident that she had learned one hard lesson for the uneducated to acquire—to conceal her feelings. Directly the latch was securely drawn, the distinguished visitor safe in his room, a remarkable change took place in her appearance. The unnatural calm was gone. She sank into a low chair opposite her husband, her rigid features working with emotion and her trembling hands stretched wildly out.

"Oh, Jim, Jim, what shall I do?"

He looked at her a little astonished. As far as he was concerned he was beginning to feel very much more at ease—in fact his momentary alarm was fast diminishing, and was being succeeded by a sort of vague elation. After all, the affair was more likely to turn out to his advantage than the reverse. The events of the evening passed slowly before him while he had been waiting for his wife's reappearance, and on the whole the result was satisfactory. He had neither done nor did anything that would be likely to give offence to the young earl, although a cold shiver passed through his frame when he reflected how many dangers he had unwittingly avoided. They had rescued the young lord from what was undoubtedly a most dangerous situation, and they had treated him all the time with the sturdy North Country hospitality which was one of their chief characteristics. When his wife had joined him he had been quite prepared for some mutual congratulations; now she had come out white as a ghost and trembling in every limb. Jim scratched his head in wonderment.

"What be amiss, lass?" he inquired.

She leaned forward and stared at him wildly, as though she had not heard his words. Jim began to feel thoroughly uncomfortable.

"There beant nothing wrong, lass, surely?" he said.

"Let me be a few minutes, Jim," she moaned. "Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

He lit a pipe as the only possible consolation which lay in his power. It was the best thing he could have done. Presently she rose, and softly up and down the room, her husband following her movements with his eyes, but maintaining an unbroken silence.

"Jim," she said, suddenly stopping in front of him, "I've been a good wife to you."

He looked up at her and was startled at the change in her face. Usually a healthy-looking woman, the ruddy brown with which sea air and sun had tanned her cheeks had fled altogether, leaving them ghastly pale, and her dark eyes were literally blazing with some excitement.

He nodded slowly. "A' hast, lass! I've nowt to say agen that."

"Then ask no questions to-night. Reward me by trusting me now. I must go out—and alone!"

"Go oot—aloan!"

"Yes, Jim; up to the castle!"

He held up his fingers. "Listen to t' wind," he said; "the storm has nae blown itself out yet."

"The storm or no storm, I must," she cried passionately. "I must see mother."

The thing suddenly became clear to him. His wife evidently feared that in some way her mother had disobeyed or was disobeying orders up at the castle, and wished to warn her of her master's forthcoming visit. "Had it anything to do with the mysterious light in the south tower?" he wondered.

"Let Oi take a message," he said. "It's no noight for a' to go."

"I must be my own messenger," she cried. "Oh, Jim, for God's sake let me go! let me go!"

She had sunk on her knees before him, and was clasping his knees. Jim thought no more of exercising his marital authority.

"A' shall go, lass! A' shall go!" he cried. "Dry thy een! A' shall go! Coom, and a'll get 'een the lantern."

She rose to her feet with a sigh of relief, and fetched her hat and cloak. Her husband opened the door and handed her the lantern. He did not feel quite at his ease about this midnight expedition.

"Let a' coom wi' ye, lass, to t' gate. A'll coom no fearther. I doan't like thee going aloan."

"Not a step, Jim?" she cried. "I'll not be long."

She vanished into the darkness, and Jim, after keeping the door open a minute or two, and gazing after her undecidedly, stepped back into the room, shaking his head.

"I doan't like it," he muttered, taking down his pipe, "but she mun ha'e her way. She be a woman, and she mun ha'e her way.

Which showed that Jim, rustic though he was, had some claims toward being considered a village philosopher.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. SMITH IS WARNED.

MRS. DOORE was never quite sure afterward how she accomplished her journey that night, but accomplish it she did, and in less than an hour she stood underneath the huge castle walls. The rest of her task was easy. An ordinary farm-yard gate led over what had once been a moat into the inner court-yard, upon which the windows of the inhabited portion of the building looked. Here she paused for a minute, and taking up a pebble, threw it sharply against a window directly opposite. There was a brief interval of suspense; then a light appeared, the window was opened, and a woman's head slowly appeared.

"Is there any one there?" she called out softly. "Who is it?"

Mrs. Doore drew a little nearer the window.

"It is I—Annie!" she cried. "Let me in, mother."

"Annie! Annie! At this time of night! What has happened? What do you want?"

"Let me in and I will tell you, mother!" she cried. "Quick!"

The head was withdrawn, and soon there was the sound of heavy bolts slipping back from the great oaken door, and the clanking of a chain. Then it was opened a little, and Mrs. Doore slipped inside with a sigh of relief.

Her mother took up the lamp, which she had placed upon the floor, and held it high over her head while she looked anxiously into her daughter's face. Both women were as pale as death, but of the two Mrs. Smith's appearance was the more ghastly. Her gray hair was streaming down her back, and her thin, sharpened face was all tremulous with fear, while the long, bony fingers which held the lamp shook so that it seemed more than once about to slip from her grasp. She stood there with her eyes eagerly scanning her daughter's terror-stricken face and bedraggled appearance, but it was some time before she could frame a question.

"What is it, child?" she asked at length, in a low, shaking whisper. "Danger?"

"Ay, mother, I fear so, or I should not be here at this time of the night. Lord Alceston——"

"He is not coming here?" cried her mother.

"He is here—at our cottage."

"My God!"

There was a moment's silence. At first Mrs. Smith had tottered, and had seemed about to faint. Her daughter moved quickly to her side, and, supporting her with her arm, led her to a chair.

"What does he want? What has he come here for?" she asked hoarsely. "Does he know?"

Her daughter shook her head.

"I cannot tell; I think not. They told him about the light, and I watched him all the time. He showed no sign."

"Perhaps he has only come to see the place," Mrs. Smith said slowly. "He has never been here."

"It may be so; but he has seen the light. He will want to go into that room. You must go and warn him at once, and get everything ready."

The old woman began to tremble again.

"What shall I do if he stays long?" she exclaimed, wringing her hands. "Oh, I shall go mad; I know I shall."

"Nonsense, mother; you mustn't talk like that. Nothing will happen if you are careful. You must not let him stir from his room while Lord Clanavon is here, not for one moment."

"Come stop with me, Annie—do!"

"I will, mother, I promise you, if he stays. But I must get back now at once."

"How came he to your cottage?"

"He had lost his way on the cliffs, and Jim and the lads found him, and brought him down. It was a fortunate chance. Now, mother, I must go. Remember when he comes to-morrow you know nothing about his being close at hand."

"I shall remember. But, my child, you are wet through to the skin. Have a little brandy—or shall I make Tom light the fire and get some tea?"

"Neither, mother. I must go this minute. Look, morning is breaking already."

Far away over the restless gray sea faint streaks of white light were breaking through the dark clouds, and were casting a lurid ghastly coloring upon the waste of waters. Side by side mother and daughter stood for a minute, watching the struggling morning dawn upon the storm-tossed waves. Directly the faint gleams of light had triumphed Mrs. Doore wrapped her shawl around her and turned to go.

"Remember, mother," she said, "it is for his sake. Be careful! Send for me as soon as you like after he has come. Good-by now."

Mrs. Smith drew herself up.

"Have no fear, Annie. Now that I am prepared, the danger is less. I must go to him now and prepare him."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CHAMBER IN THE TOWER—A DISCOVERY.

IT WAS nearly mid-day when Lord Clanavon, breathless with his climb, stood before the heap of ruins which centuries before had been the ancestral home of his family. Before making any attempt to discover the inhabited portion of it he clambered up on to the outside wall and looked around him.

It was not a cheerful prospect, by any means, that he looked upon. The iron-bound cliffs, against which the gray sea came thundering in, looked cold and forbidding and lacked any form of vegetation to soften their threatening aspect. The country inland, as far as the eye could see, looked barren and uncultivated—a succession of dreary, houseless wastes. The castle itself, or rather its remains, were in complete accord with the surroundings. There was none of the picturesqueness of most ruins about its crumbled walls and bastions. All the sadness of decay was there without the softening hand of beauty to gloss it over. Not a sprig of ivy or even lichen had grown upon the bare stonework. The fierce sea winds had done their work, and had added desolation to destruction.

He clambered down to terra-firma, and, making his way into the inhabited portion of the building, he saw for the first time a tall, rather fine-looking old lady in a straight black silk dress standing in the oaken doorway. As he approached she made him a respectful inclination of the head, and looked inquiringly at him.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Smith," he said. "I suppose you are Mrs. Smith?"

"That is my name, sir," she said quietly.

"Ah, I thought so. I think we have never met before, but you have heard of me. I am Lord Clanavon."

She looked at him and sighed.

"'Tis easy to see that, my lord," she said. "I'm very glad and proud to see you; but it's a poor, miserable place to come to. Will your lordship come in?"

He followed her into the hall, looking curiously around him. She opened the doors of two rooms opening out from it, and showed him them.

"These are the only habitable rooms, except the one in the south tower, my lord," she said.

He looked around him, and felt wofully disappointed. Everything was dreary and common-place, and in the last stage of decay.

"I should like to go to the room in the south tower," he said. "Isn't that the part of the building which my father used to inhabit when he came here?"

"Yes, my lord. There was no other part fit for him?"

"It seems strange to me that he should have come here at all," Lord Alceston remarked, strolling to the window. "I had no idea that the place was such a complete ruin."

"I think his lordship used to come here now and then when he had work to do which needed complete quiet," she said. "There were no interruptions to be feared here—no gentlemen to call in and see him, and take up his time. The place is healthy, too, my lord, and the fishing is very good."

"So I suppose," he answered. "Fishing is not a favorite sport of mine, though, especially sea fishing. I never have any luck. By the bye, Mrs. Smith, your face reminds me very much of somebody I've seen lately. Who is it, I wonder?"

If he had been watching her closely he could scarcely have avoided noticing the quick start and the sudden movement of her hand to her side. But he had strolled to one of the other windows, and his back was turned to her. Besides, he was very little interested in the matter.

"I don't know, my lord, I'm sure," she answered slowly, "unless it may have been Mrs. Doore."

"Of course. Mrs. Doore it was," he assented. "A most respectable woman she is, too. What relation is she?"

"My daughter."

"Indeed! Ah! I can see the likeness quite plainly now," he said, turning round. "Fortunate for you, you have relations here. It must be very dull. And now suppose we have a look at the south tower."

"Certainly, my lord; there is the key," pointing to where it hung, covered with cobwebs and dust, on a rusty nail. "It had not been used since his lordship was here."

He followed her down a long passage which smelt very mouldly, across a vast room—once a banqueting hall, now partly open to the skies—up some steps, and along another corridor, in the walls of which were great clefts, through which he could see the gray sea rolling beneath. At its extremity they came to a great oaken door studded with nails.

"This is the door of the room, my lord," she said, clutching the handle, for the strong salt wind was roaring through great fissures in the roof and walls, blowing her stiff skirts around her and carrying her voice far away.

Lord Alceston looked downward, and almost at their feet saw the little cluster of fishermen's cottages where he had passed the night, looking like dolls' houses some six hundred feet below. The sight reminded him of something. He drew in his head and looked curiously at the solid door before him.

"Is there any other key to this door, Mrs. Smith?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Certainly not, my Lord; you have the only one."

"Then this door has not been opened since my father was here last?"

"It has not, my lord."

He took off his hat, and held it in his hand, while the wind played havoc with his fair hair, which he kept less closely cut than most Englishmen.

"I suppose you've heard about the mysterious light which is supposed to shine from this room at nights?" he said.

"I have heard that there is some story of the sort about among the fisherman, my lord," she answered. "They are a superstitious race."

"So I suppose. But there certainly was a light burning last night which appeared to come from this tower," he said. "How do you account for it?"

She pointed to the flagstaff a little to their right.

"In very stormy weather, my lord, I have sometimes hung a lantern there as a sort of signal. I have a relation who owns coal ships at Mewlton, and I promised him that I would do so."

"Was the lantern there last night?"

"It was, my lord."

He looked puzzled for a minute; then he shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"I might have known it was something of this sort," he said. "Now for this room."

He turned the key which he had already fitted into the lock, and slowly, with much effort, the door opened. The first thing he noticed was that their entrance, had disturbed several cobwebs which had hung about the door and in the keyhole, and that a thick layer of dust upon the floor was was pushed away by the movement of the door.

"That settles is still more conclusively," he remarked. "Proof positive, you see, that this door has not been opened for months."

He stood on the threshold and looked about him curiously, even eagerly. The room was quite a small one, hexagonal in shape, and lit by windows at each side. The furniture was much more modern than any which he had seen about the place, and there was plenty of it. A Turkish carpet covered the floor and several old prints and one or two oil paintings hung upon the walls above the oak panels. There was nothing in the least degree extraordinary about the room, except its incongruity with the rest of the place.

"Shall you be making any stay here, my lord?" Mrs. Smith asked.

"Not I," he answered. "I am in search of some papers which belonged to my father, and which I thought might be here—that is why I came."

"The desk and bureau are just as he left them, my lord," she said softly. "I hope that you may find them. I will send you some luncheon here—such as we can get, about one o'clock. And about a bed, my lord?"

"Bed! Oh, I'm not going to sleep here, thanks," he said. "I've sent one of the men from down below there to Mewlton for a fly. I expect it will be here about five."

She turned her face away that he might not see her relief. Then she left him, closing the door after her.

Lord Clanavon listened to her retreating footsteps until they died away in the distance.

"There's something very queer about that old lady," he said to himself, thoughtfully. "She wasn't in the least surprised to see me. She trembled when I spoke of that mysterious light, and yet pretended to despise it; and she couldn't conceal her delight when I told her that I wasn't going to stop. And how she reminds me of some one, too, besides Mrs. Doore. Can't think who the mischief it is, though."

He stood for a few minutes buried in silent thought. Then he moved toward the writing-table, which stood facing one of the windows, and sank into the chair directly in front of it.

There were loose papers lying about, many of them covered with memoranda in his father's handwriting. He took one of them up reverently. It consisted of notes for an article in a review. He tried another. It was a criticism of a recent remarkable novel. These were all interesting and must certainly be preserved; but they were not what he had come to look for. He put them on one side and commenced turning out the drawers.

The Earl of Harrowdean, admirable public servant though he had been, had not been by any means a methodical or orderly man in his private affairs. Lord Alceston recognized that fact to his sorrow directly he commenced his search. Bills, receipts, invitations, begging letters, letters of congratulation, and political letters from the chief of his colleagues, were all bundled together in an incongruous heap. At first, he had intended to sort them as he went on, but he soon desisted from the attempt and contented himself with merely glancing through each bundle of papers and then throwing them on one side.

At last he had examined every drawer but one, and that one none of the keys which he had brought with him would open. As soon as he had assured himself of this, he looked about him for means of forcing it open, and, finding no other, he took up the poker, and with one blow fractured the woodwork of the drawer. Through the opening thus made he drew out a little bundle of letters and a photograph. Directly his fingers closed upon them he felt that his efforts were about to be rewarded.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ODD, BUT TRUE.—Rather a curious subject has been engaging my attention of late (says a recent writer). Why is it that one never dreams of smelling, although, no doubt, certain perfumes—that of cooking, for instance—might product a dream, say, of a delicious dinner? I have mentioned this to a number of my friends, who all acknowledge that my statement is true; but, without advancing any theory on the subject, they agree that one dreams of eating, talking, walking, flying hearing both conversation and musical sounds, but never of smelling.

LOVE'S FLOWER.

BY W. W. L.

From where you sit in your high place,
Do you remember that first hour
I held you mine, close to my heart,
And laid upon your soul Love's birthday flower?

To-day amid earth's grandest gifts
You sit—I in the beggar crowd now cower;
But 'neath the lace upon your heart,
Still blooms that sacred flower.

The mask upon your face hath hidden it
From me here in the desolate night;
Yet somewhere in the future's rosy dawn,
You'll give it back to me in radiant light.

A SIN ATONED.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

CHAPTER VI.

GLADYS did not look at him as she spoke, and Gerard for one moment felt as if the whole world was turning topsy-turvy. Then it suddenly flashed across his mind that, once married, he would have a fair field, and but little fear of failure.

"We shall save the property," Miss Hawthorndean went on in a matter-of-fact way, "and I do not see that we need be very unhappy."

"No," he said simply.

"Then what do you say about it?" she asked, looking up at him at last.

"That I accept. I am only too glad to get you at any price."

"Ah, you think that after a time I may relent and forget it all; but I assure you I shall do nothing of the kind. No; if you go on with this, you must make up your mind to look upon it merely as a business arrangement made to save the property. I shall never be anything more to you than I am now."

"Then, at least, I shall be spared the pain of seeing you given to another," he said quietly.

Miss Hawthorndean winced a little in spite of herself.

"Then our engagement may be announced," she said hurriedly. "And of course it is not necessary to let all the world know how unhappy we are divided."

"As you wish," he answered. "Then I am to be fairly civil to you before people?"

"Of course"—a little impatiently; "and, I hope, fairly civil in private also. I trust you do not suppose me sufficiently vulgar to be capable of quarrelling with you?"

"I do not think so," he returned gravely. "I only regulate my manners by yours."

"That is well," she said graciously.

"Then may I give you the tiger's claws you were good enough to say you would accept?" he asked.

"Did I say so? Yes. I think it would be as well for us to make each other presents. If you will send them up to my room, I will wear them to-night."

"You honor me," Gerard said, with grave courtesy and a stiff bow. "And now I will go and find Mrs. McDonald, that I may tell her our news."

He would have been much surprised if he had heard the laugh that rippled from Gladys' lips as the door closed.

* * * * * *

The news spread through the house like wild-fire. Very one was taken by surprise—Mrs. McDonald most of all.

"I never knew Gladys come round so easily before," she exclaimed when Gerard broke the news. "Oh, depend upon it, she was only making believe."

"Perhaps not," he replied, mindful of Glady's wish that the world should not know of their unhappy division.

"And when is it to be?" Mrs. McDonald asked.

"Oh, I don't know!" he answered, with some confusion, for that part of the programme had never been mentioned between them. "Just in time to save the property, I dare say."

"Nearly three months then," she said placidly, and forthwith went off into a calculation of the various articles Gladys would require.

By the visitors in the house the news was received in various ways. Old Lady Lesley was charmed. Nothing pleased her like a love-affair; and to be in the same house with a pair of newly-betrothed lovers was a treat which did not come in her way every day. Her own half-dozen of daughters she had disposed of long before, and her only son had found himself a wife in Ireland. To them, therefore, she had not to look for her favorite pleasure, and so she was all the more inclined to make much of Gerard and Gladys.

"You are just after my own heart," she told Gerard at dinner that evening. "When I think that but last night you didn't even know who Mrs. McDonald was, nor anything about Gladys herself hardly, except that you thought her lovely, and now I see you affianced to her—really, Mr. Fane, I am quite proud of knowing you!"

"Don't chaff me, Lady Lesley," he said humbly.

"I mean every word of it," she assured him.

"Do you really? Then that is very kind of you," he replied, laughing. "Yes, I suppose we have been quick about it."

"Quick!" she echoed. "Neither more nor less than railroad speed. Ah, well, well—all the better for it! 'Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing,' you know; and I hope you will fully realise the truth of it."

Poor Gerard! He saw but little prospect of the kind old lady's wishes being realized, and he thought that it really was hard on him to have to grin and bow and look the picture of bliss, when he knew that Gladys opposite hated him like poison, and would fain get off marrying him if she could. She did not seem to feel her part so difficult as he did his. She appeared decked out in his tiger's claws, and drew attention to the beauty of their setting. She blushed when she was congratulated, and said, "I hope so," when each and all had wished she might be very happy. Whilst Gerard was listening to Lady Lesley's complacent chatter during the meal, he watched Gladys closely, and he came to the conclusion that her anger, as Mrs. McDonald had suggested, had been merely make-believe, and that, in her heart of hearts, she was really very happy at the prospect of her approaching marriage. Perhaps the wish was father to the thought; but, later in the evening, acting on the strength of it, he, when he found himself for a moment alone with her in the conservatory, took her into his arms and kissed her a dozen times.

"My darling, oh, my darling!" he muttered passionately.

Gladys wrenched herself away from his clasp, with an exclamation of the deepest disgust. There was no mistake about it. He felt she was not acting now.

"Don't touch me!" she said in low tones of utter loathing and horror.

Gerard stood before her in silence. He supposed she expected him to say he was sorry; but he was not going to say anything of the kind. He was not sorry at all, and for half a word he would have done it it again. The next moment however Gladys effectually put to flight any idea he had of carrying the citadel of her love by storm.

"Listen!" she said impressively. "If ever you do that again, I will end our engagement."

And then she turned and left him pulling his mustache blankly. His defiant reckless air had departed, and in its place came something very nearly akin to despair. He thought, as he followed her into the drawing-room, that surely never, within the memory of man, had any one met with such strange ill-luck or such cruel treatment as himself. He had quite forgotten all about that memorable morning at Sandune, or, rather, he had put his share of it away from his thoughts.

Gladys had gone straight to a vacant seat on Lady Lesley's sofa, and, as soon as Gerard appeared in the doorway between the drawing-room and the conservatory, the Baronet's wife beckoned him.

"Come here," she said imperatively.

Gerard crossed the room to her, and, bending down, asked what was her pleasure.

"Sit here," she said, in a very significant way. "I am going up-stairs, and I want you to keep my seat for me."

So Gerard sat down, as he was bidden, feeling more indignant with his "luck" than ever. He glanced at his fiancee, but she was sitting half turned away from him, and looking across the room. There was evidently no chance of a word from her; so he sank back amongst the cushions which Lady Lesley had so carefully piled up for her own comfort, with a more impatient sigh than usual. Happily no one seemed to be taking any notice of them, or surely, he thought, every one would be laughing at the absurdity of the situation. Sir Peter and the Vicar, with Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Coley, were absorbed in whist. Miss Coley, who was a rather pretty girl, was playing chess with young Lorrimor. Jack Coley was sitting, looking exclusively sentimental, close to the Vicar's daughter, Avis Chantry; and only the two "turtle doves," as Lady Lesley had laughingly called them, seemed to have absolutely nothing to say. At last, however, Gladys broke the silence.

"Are you going to hunt to-morrow, Gerard?" she asked, as placidly as if nothing had taken place.

"Are you?" he asked, answering her question by another.

"Oh, yes, of course," she replied promptly.

"Then I will too."

"Very well. I will tell them to saddle Rubicon for you."

"Rubicon! What a strange name for a horse!" he laughed, making a great effort to let his manner accord with hers.

"Yes. Uncle liked him very much; but he was uncommonly difficult to mount and so he christened him Rubicon, because, once across him, he felt quite secure."

Then she relapsed into silence, and Gerard of course followed her example. Presently Lady Lesley, returning, walked straight past her favorite sofa to a chair nearer the piano, which was not nearly so comfortable. Without a moment's hesitation Gerard rose.

"Won't you have your favorite seat, Lady Lesley?" he asked.

"No, no, never mind; go back to Gladys."

"Now, please do have it," he said persuasively. "I assure you Gladys does not want me."

As if to prove the truth of his words Miss Hawthorndean rose at that moment, and went to the piano.

"Now do let me take you back to the sofa," Gerard urged.

"Oh, how self-willed people are nowadays!" the old lady cried, with a great show of yielding. "No, no"—as he was about to take Gladys's vacated seat—"I won't have you here. It is very polite to pay so much attention to an old woman, more especially when she knows you are dying to get away to the young one."

"But indeed I am not," he laughed.

"No? Then you ought to be. Come, go away, and leave me to my knitting in peace!"

He turned away then—indeed he had no choice in the matter; but to Gladys he did not find his way George Lorrimer was already in possession of the chair wedged in between the wall and the music-stool, having risen without ceremony as soon as Gladys approached the piano. Miss Coley was thus left alone, and, feeling that he must sit somewhere, and not caring to go and play second to Lorrimer, Gerard walked calmly up to Miss Coley and sat down beside her.

"May I sit here?" he asked, in his most silvery tones.

"Oh, yes, of course!" she returned promptly; flushing, and looking so bright and pleased that Gerard decided in his own mind that, instead of being "not half bad-looking," as he had heard her described, she was a very pretty girl indeed. She was younger than Gladys—not more than seventeen, he would think—and had a small, pale, straight featured face, with a profusion of dark silky hair, and two as large, soft, sweet brown eyes as had ever looked up into Gerard's blue ones. And—which was balm to Gerard's sore heart—she was unaffectedly glad when he spoke to her. He leaned back in the large chair—a very easy chair it was, much more comfortable than the sofa—and thought contentedly that the charm of the old days before he had known Gladys was coming back again. Of course he was awfully in love with Gladys; but still he thought being "awfully in love" was rather a bore. There was a lack of repose about it, an excitement, a constant feeling of insecurity, which took away much of the charm of the sensation. After all, he really did not know whether it was not pleasanter to be made love to—well, no, hardly that; that was even more unpleasant than the other; but it was very pleasant to make quiet love to an unsophisticated sympathetic little girl like this, who would meet him half-way, who would, metaphorically speaking, fall down and worship him, and who, he was perfectly sure, would not bother him with any heroics or expect so much of him as Gladys had.

For an hour he sat talking nonsense, to the tune of Gladys Hawthorndean's voice, of which, Gerard thought, with a little triumphant thrill, he never heard a note. Yet, strange to say, through all his dreams that night floated the refrain of a little song which Gladys had sung.

"They are not dead, they are not dead,
Dear Mem'ry's gathered flowers;
Though leaf be sere and blossom shed,
The fragrance still is ours—yes still is ours."

It haunted him through the night in spite of himself. It kept him awake hour after hour. And, when he fell asleep, it rang through his dreams anew.

"They are not dead, they are not dead,
Dear Mem'ry's gathered flowers."

Gerard made up his mind, as he lay in bed that morning, that it was hopeless to think of resuscitating any of Gladys Hawthorndean's "gathered flowers," she seemed so determined that he should not even try. And yet he could not quite make up his mind to abandon the attempt, although he had used the blossoms so roughly that they were almost shaken to pieces. Still he would fain see them back upon their tree in the garden of Gladys Hawthorndean's heart, blooming as luxuriantly as they had done in Sandune only a few months before.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN GERARD went down-stairs that morning he encountered Gladys in the hall, and that young lady uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, Gerard!" she said, glancing at his dress.

Gerard too looked down at his light suit and laughed.

"I don't think I care about it this morning," he said coolly; "and of course you don't care anything about it."

"Of course not," Gladys replied promptly, though a queer little flash came into her eyes. "I will let them know in the stables."

"Shall I go? Is there time before breakfast?" he asked.

"Yes, do; and you might tell them to let me have Rubicon instead of Kate."

So Gerard betook himself to the stables, where he found Glady's own groom, to whom he gave the order.

"What horse does Miss Hawthorndean usually ride?" he asked, after he had inspected two or three of the animals nearest at hand.

"Rubicon, sir," the groom answered, pointing to a big brown, well up to sixteen stone. "The young mistress rides him like a bird."

Gerard said nothing. His mind was just then filled with two ideas. The first was that his fiancee must be a wonderful fine horsewoman; the second, that she had been willing to give up her favorite horse to him. He could not quite understand that in her present mood. Could it be that she doubted his ability as a horseman and wished to make him appear ridiculous? It really appeared like it, he told himself. Yes, depend upon it, that was the trap she had thought to lay for him. He laughed not a little on the way back to the house at the idea of it. He, Gerard Fane, who, as a horseman, could have challenged any cavalry man or circus rider he had ever seen! Oh, it was a joke! Well, it did not suit him to change his mind and let Gladys see what he was made of, for he wanted to stay at home and talk to little Miss Coley; but some other day he would take the trouble of showing off a little, and so set his future wife's mind at rest on that subject. Having arrived at that satisfactory conclusion, Mr. Gerard Fane entered the house and made his way to the breakfast-room. Miss Coley's dark eyes brightened visibly at the sight of him; but Gladys's he could not see.

"Not going to hunt?" Miss Coley asked in an undertone, as he took the next seat to her, leaving his own at the head of the table vacant.

"No; I am going to stay at home and talk to you," he returned. "Let me give you some of this pie, Miss Coley—it looks tempting."

He made the last observation for the benefit of the company assembled, and perhaps also a little to divert attention from the vivid scarlet flush which had covered Miss Coley's face.

"Do you know," he observed presently, in a confidential way, "I have been two days in the same house with you, and I do not know your name yet. I have only heard that your people call you Cis."

"Yes, they do. Jack always does, and so every one else does too," she replied. "My name is Chrystal."

"Chrystal!" he repeated. "I never heard of it as a name before."

"Please don't laugh at it," she said, raising her soft eyes imploringly to his. "I did not give it to myself."

"Laugh! What would there be to laugh at," he cried.

"I don't know. I suppose it is a very fanciful uncommon name, and indeed many people are so amused when they hear it that I am very glad when no one asks what my name is."

"I think it a charming name," he de-

cleared warmly. "I shall always think so."

"Will you?"—very softly.

"You know I shall. Yes; it suits you too, Chrystal."

"I never liked my name before," murmured the girl dreamily; "and now——"

"And now?" he questioned eagerly.

"I like it best of any," she half-whispered.

Gerard felt an uncomfortable thrill run through him. He wished for a moment that he had not been such a fool as to give up his hunting—for what? That he might entangle himself still further, that he might run his head against another stone wall, and get deeper into Gladys Hawthorndean's black books than ever.

That he might break Chrystal Coley's heart never entered his mind; for, though not perhaps bad at heart, he was an essentially selfish man, as thoughtless as any schoolboy in holiday-time, and he hated counting the cost—to others. And yet now and again conscience gave him a sharp sting, just by way of reminder that life was not to be all roses for him.

It stung him severely just then; but some evil spirit was ready with a salve to lay upon the wound; for at that moment Chrystal looked up, and the upward glance of a pair of beautiful eyes was ever the one thing which Gerard Fane was incapable of resisting. And they were such marvellously lovely eyes. The previous night he had thought them dark-brown; but now in the daylight he would have been puzzled to describe them accurately. The more he looked at them—and he did not deny himself in that respect—the more puzzled he grew; but at last he came to the conclusion that moss-green and mouse-color, carelessly mingled, would about produce the correct shade, not forgetting that the lashes were exceedingly long and dark.

"What made them call you Chrystal?" he asked, when he had quite satisfied himself as to the eyes.

"Godmother," she answered tersely—"godmother and money combined."

He laughed aloud at that, thinking that, for such a simple childish body, as she undoubtedly was, she now and then delivered herself of wonderfully clever speeches. Perhaps that was why he enjoyed them so much; she never seemed to know she was clever; she seemed to say smart things by mistake. Very probably she did, and in that lay the charm. He knew that as a rule he hated clever women.

"Then did you get the money?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!"

"Very pleasant for you," he remarked in a lachrymose way, as if pleasure of that kind never fell to his share.

"Why, yes"—with a soft laugh—"I suppose thirty thousand pounds would be pleasant for anybody."

"Yes, by Jove, I should think it would!" he responded briskly, more briskly than he had spoken before.

He roused himself from his lounging attitude—for he had finished his breakfast, and was leaning back in his chair—and he contemplated Miss Coley curiously. Was that little fragile being really possessed of all that money? he thought. Then he wondered how it was such a tempting morsel had not been snapped up long before. Perhaps she had not been possessed of it so very long. Yes, most likely that was it.

There was a little bustle presently, when the hunting-party started. Although Gerard had followed Chrystal Coley out into the hall to watch them go, he did not offer to assist his fiancée to mount, but stood calmly on the top of the steps with his hands in his pockets and watched George Lorrimer do that service for her with blandly gracious face. After all, he thought, as Gladys rode away without one glance towards him, there were plenty of girls in the world besides Gladys Hawthorndean, girls quite as pretty, almost as rich, and most willing to have him.

As his eyes instinctively sought Chrystal's face, a doubt crossed his mind as to her being as pretty as Gladys; and, as to the extreme willingness to accept him, he was also doubtful; indeed, he was far from sure whether she was so great an attraction as he had thought at first.

Gerard Fane was particularly given to wanting what he could not have. As he watched Gladys's receding form, and that defiant thought flashed into his mind, he knew, as well as if his heart had found itself a voice and told him so, that Chrystal Coley's very willingness to flirt with him and her evident admiration for him detracted greatly from her charms. And yet, when she turned her great soft eyes up and asked, "What shall we do now?" he forgot everything, and gave back sigh for sigh, and tender glance for tender glance.

"Let us go up into the little boudoir," he suggested, mentioning a room which was, he knew, but rarely used in the morning.

"Will there be a fire?" she asked.

"Oh, yes! We can go and see."

So they betook themselves to the little room, which was over the entrance, and whence a good view of the drive could be had.

"Oh, this is delightful," said Miss Coley, with great enthusiasm—"so much nicer than being out in a nasty damp wood, with no better amusement than routing a miserable fox out of his hole. I dare say though, Mr. Fane, you are wishing you had gone!"

"Indeed I am not," he returned, not very truthfully. "I hope you are not wishing I had gone?"

Chrystal looked down and blushed.

"I am afraid," she began, and then she broke off, blushing still more.

"What are you afraid of?" he asked eagerly, edging his chair a trifle nearer to hers. "Not of me, I hope?"

"Of you?"—with a laugh and a half-shy, half-mischievous glance from beneath her dark lashes. "Oh, no. But I think sometimes I ought—I should not let my wishes be seen so very——"

"Plainly?" he suggested.

"Well, I was glad that you did not hunt," she said hurriedly, "and I am afraid I said so."

"Yes, you did. Why not?"

"Why not? Well, I have no—no business to care what you do—whether you go or stay."

"But you do?"

Gerard threw prudence to the winds, and took her hand in his.

"Yes; I suppose I do"—with a half-nervous laugh and another coquettish glance; "but then I ought not to say so, more particularly since you belong to Gladys."

"Pooh! I don't belong to Gladys; it is merely a family arrangement," he said carelessly. "And Gladys doesn't care a rap for me."

"Not care!" Miss Coley echoed, as if she could hardly believe her ears.

"Really,"—looking very sentimental, and giving the hand a little squeeze. "Don't you pity me?"

She nodded without speaking, and Gerard pushed the matter a little farther.

"You wouldn't be so cruel to me, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't," she sighed. "How is it Gladys does not like you better?"

"Can't say. Because I'm so poor, perhaps."

"Oh!"—with incredulous amazement.

"Chrystal," he said suddenly, after a pause, "if you like, I'll give Gladys up, if you'll take pity on me."

Miss Coley jumped off her chair with astonishing rapidity.

"Oh, I couldn't! Don't ask me," she cried, retreating to the door.

But Gerard was too quick for her; he caught her before she had time to escape, and brought her back to the fire, holding her prisoner.

"Don't run away from me," he said reproachfully. "You're not afraid of me, Chrystal?"

"Oh, but I am!" she cried, trying hard to free herself from the grasp of his hands. "I am indeed. I am horribly frightened. I never meant it to come to this."

"Then what did you mean it to come to?" he asked roughly. "I swear you have been trying to make me care for you ever since I came into the house."

"No, no," she said eagerly.

"But I say 'Yes, yes,'" he answered. "You know I love you, Chrystal."

The absurd side of the affair struck the girl, who was simply an exceedingly clever, but thorough flirt. She laughed outright, and exclaimed "Pooh!" Yet, when Gerard imperatively bade her tell him that she did care for him, she became the coquette once more, and hung her head, with an affectation of shame.

"I never meant it to come to this," she murmured, in feeble protest.

"Then to what did you mean it to come?" he demanded.

"I—I don't know," she returned piteously, and looking up with an imploring air. "I couldn't help liking you."

"And you are afraid of Gladys's being angry?"

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. Gladys must know all about it, of course?"

"Oh, no, no! I cannot—I will not have it!" she cried in genuine fright. "Why need Gladys hear anything about it? Surely there is no harm in a little—— I only meant it for fun."

"Do you call it fun to make me care for you?" he asked indignantly.

"You don't do that?"

She put the words as a question, not an assertion, and Gerard plunged more deeply into the mire than ever.

"Don't I? Ah, you know better than that!"—with a smile. "Well, then, since I do, the sooner everybody knows it the better."

"Every one know it?" echoed Chrystal doubtfully. "Why, you don't want me to—to——"

"Marry me? Yes, I do."

"Oh, but I can't—it's quite impossible! I cannot indeed!" she cried earnestly. "It's utterly out of the question. I never meant anything like this."

The more Chrystal cried out against the utter impossibility of it, the more determined did Gerard become.

It was not that he really cared seriously for her; in fact, whilst she had tried to win his notice, and had laid herself out to please him, he had been a little disgusted. He had flirted and seemed very devoted, partly to pique Miss Hawthorndean, and partly because Miss Coley was so pretty. But the instant she drew back and cried out that anything further than mere flirtation was quite impossible, he suddenly discovered that his game was well worth following up."

"Well, wait till to-morrow," she said at last.

"You will say 'Yes' then?"

"I don't think you'll ask me," she said, laughing. "You will have had a whole night to think it over; and by the morning Gladys will be in the ascendency."

"We shall see," returned Gerard, looking wise.

The moment he loosened his grasp of her wrists Chrystal was off. She did not wait to say or hear another word. In fact she was gone before he was aware of her intention.

Nor could he get near her at luncheon; for she established herself between Mrs. McDonald and her mother. In the afternoon the three disappeared up-stairs, and he saw no more of them until they came down dressed to go out; and he found they were bent upon a drive.

He tried to get an invitation to go with them; but Mrs. McDonald told him they did not want him, and that he had better stay where he was, so as to be in when Gladys returned.

He found it was of no use to argue, for she was determined not to let him go. He glanced at Chrystal, who looked very demure, and just pouted ever so little at Mrs. McDonald's firmness. The pout made Gerard absolutely desperate; but Gladys's aunt was inexorable.

So he was obliged to put a pleasant face upon the matter and close the carriage door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ECONOMY OF TIME.—How many men waste time in frivolous amusements, in empty pleasure. Franklin said, "Dost thou love life?" Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of. If rich men would make their sons work for a living in some respectable calling, instead of furnishing them with money to gratify their inordinate desires, their vanity and pride, they would have better and wiser sons. If people would employ their leisure in doing what is best for themselves and others, we would not have so many drones upon society, so many useless and unworthy citizens. "Prick the sides of your intent," and goad and stimulate and urge yourself to do what you can do in this swiftly passing life of ours. Hugh Miller, it is said, found time while pursuing his trade as a stone-mason, not only to read, but to write, cultivating his style till he became one of the most facile and most brilliant authors of the day. Elihu Burrett acquired a mastery of eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects by improving the bits and fragments of time which he could steal from his occupation as a blacksmith.

L. G. W.

LIVING BY HANGING.—A Continental beggar has been living very comfortably by hanging himself. He would choose a tree near where young children were playing, string himself up, and groan to attract their attention, so that they would run for help. He would be cut down and restored, and a letter in his pocket would explain his attempted suicide by a statement of his destitution. But he knew how to attach the noose so as to avoid strangulation.

GIVE ATTENTION AT ONCE to anything symptomatic of Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, or any Bowel Complaint, by using promptly Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, and you will avoid much suffering and no little danger. The reputation of this medicine has been established by its merit, and it is now everywhere recognised as a standard curative.

Scientific and Useful.

HEADLIGHTS.—By the use of electric headlights, locomotive engineers can count seventeen telegraph poles ahead, as a rule.

PHOTOGRAPHING.—A new method for photographing in colors has been originated by a member of the National Academy of France.

STREET SWEEPING.—A new street sweeper, which is a diminutive copy of the big house sweeper, and which is worked like a push cart, is being experimented with in New York city.

ANNUNCIATORS.—Annunciators indicating the name of the next station are in use on the cars of the metropolitan and district suburban roads of London, and the unique vocabulary of the brakeman is heard no more.

SIZES.—A "size" in a coat is an inch; in underwear, two inches; in socks, one inch; in collars, half an inch; in shoes, one-sixth of an inch; in trousers, one inch; in gloves, one-fourth of an inch, and in hats, one-eighth of an inch.

ANIMAL-KILLING.—The Connecticut Humane Society has ordered an animal-killing device from Paris, which consists of a mask and a spike, the spike being set in such a way that it can be driven into the brain by a single blow.

ENVELOPES.—A safety envelope, to prevent tampering, has been devised. On the flap, the words, "Attempt to open" are printed with a double set of chemicals, the first impression containing nutgalls, and the second green vitriol. If the flap be steamed or moistened in any way, the magic printing will appear.

BELTING.—The substitution of camel's hair, cotton, paint and chemicals for leather in machinery belting is said to be meeting with some success by manufacturers who have examined into the matter. It is an English invention, and the material is claimed to be stronger than any other belting, more durable, more efficient, and as low-priced.

Farm and Garden.

COAL DUST.—A German officer has invented a motor in which a fine stream of coal dust is utilized to drive a piston by explosion, in the same manner as the gas in the gas engine.

RAZOR STROPS.—Oxide of tin or putty powder mixed with sweet-oil to a thick paste and spread thinly on a razor-strop makes an excellent dressing.

PAVING BLOCKS.—Experiments are now being made with compressed hay for paving blocks. The hay, after being pressed, is soaked in a drying oil, which, it is claimed, renders it indestructible.

IRON MOULD.—To remove iron-mould, wet the goods in clear water and rub with ripe tomatoes or lemon-juice; then place in the sun; when almost dry, if the rust is not removed, repeat the process.

STRAW.—When a farmer hauls a load of straw or hay to market, and then loads up his wagon with manure, which he hauls home, he may suppose that he has done a wise thing. He has really hauled his material a distance, to be converted into manure, and hauled it back, the profits on the material not always paying for the hauling. All of this work is saved by feeding the material to stock on the farm.

ENSILAGE.—Ensilage is an important crop, and should not be overlooked. An acre of land will produce three times as much ensilage as of hay. It matters not what the relative feeding value may be, as the farmer who grows a crop of ensilage will be able to provide his cows next winter with a succulent ration as a change from the dry food, and will also retain the full flow of milk from his cows.

MANURE.—Too many farmers fail to have their manure well decomposed or "rotted." The manure cannot be serviceable until it is completely decomposed and the process of decomposition must take place in the field if it has occurred in the manure heap. In the field decomposition is slow, but in the heap it is rapid. It will pay to decompose the materials in the heap, as they will then be fine and in better condition for spreading, while the hauling will be easier and the manure handled to better advantage.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

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On Enthusiasm.

The word "enthusiasm" illustrates the curious changes that words often undergo—changes that go on in defiance of the efforts of those who are interested in words and who would finally fix their meaning if they could. We all know what "enthusiasm" means now. It is the glow of belief and devotion; it implies at least a momentary abandonment to generous warmth of feeling that causes us, according to its intensity, to shout loud, or to give freely, or to work hard for the object of our admiration. But enthusiasm meant something quite different from that in the early times; and even as late as the beginning of this century writers were busy trying to confine its meaning to much narrower limits. Its first meaning was that the man who exhibited it was possessed by a god, moved by a spirit that had entered into him—that he had been the medium of a revelation. When truth began to be formally defined, an enthusiast came to be regarded as a spurious prophet. Almost down to our own time, and alongside its present meanings, the word has been used to denote impassioned feeling for wrong objects.

Enthusiasm is the emotion which accompanies active belief either in men or causes. It has begun to be almost wholly associated with the sympathy of numbers. We say of the man who individually is afire with devotion to some principle that he is "an enthusiast;" and the term has perhaps a shade of doubt in it, and may nearly mean the same as a "faddist," or it may be a polite way of saying that the person is given to "gush." But "enthusiasm" now carries with it hardly a trace of that disparagement. It is generous, hopeful, cheerful and solacing, unless we do not believe in the cause that has occasioned the display, or are bored by deviation from what is placid and usual. An enthusiastic assemblage is always worth study; but it is sometimes advisable carefully to avoid an enthusiastic person.

Emerson has said that nothing great was ever done without enthusiasm. It is a sweeping statement, and exceptions might possibly be found in favor of great things done through dogged tenacity that never rose to enthusiasm; but the exceptions are few. Yet enthusiasm is not popular except as a sight.

Thackeray hated the word, if not the thing; but then he confounded it with "gush." Society puts it among its impossibilities—its things not to be tolerated. The enthusiast who is talked about a good deal may be offered as a sort of spectacle affording the amusement of examination, but for society itself to exhibit any enthusiasm—why, it would dissolve in the heat of its own feeling! To be "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null" is still the society ideal.

Formality levels all differences of belief, and cynicism is considered much better "form" than earnestness. It must be acknowledged, too, that the enthusiastic person is often a bore lost to all sense of proportion, though even in his worst form he is preferable to the cynic who affects to care for nothing and to be proud of disowning a conscience.

Do not let us be misunderstood when we defend enthusiasm. We do not mean the showy 'fads' that some people incessantly babble over, but rather that there is a sufficiency of truth and beauty in the world to give us beliefs that are held dear, and that glow with life when we are called upon to disclose them. Men cannot afford not to care about what they think and what they believe.

If the atmosphere in which we for the moment are moving is not suited for the display of our thoughts, if meaning what we say would seem silly, then it is better to talk on questions that are the unconsidered trifles of social intercourse, and not to desecrate the quiet glow of enthusiasm which is the evidence of our soul's continued life. Clever men who notice how often enthusiasm inundates its banks, spreading certain discomfort and possible damage, sometimes protect themselves against a like misfortune behind a rampart of cynicism. But that is the other extreme.

Certainly it must be confessed that enthusiasm runs into very strange excesses, and tries severely the patience of those who are outside its influence. With men of limited powers of sympathy and range of view, the concentration of feeling on one object, the enthusiastic pursuit of one idea involves impoverishment in other directions, and the men become "faddists," breathless and unnoticing in the pursuit on which they are for the moment intent. Such people cheapen enthusiasm sadly. Very often, too, their zeal for the cause which they consider of paramount importance is accompanied by resentment against people who hold opposite views.

The enthusiast easily passes into the zealot, and the zealot into the superstitious fanatic; and he, as a rule, is not far off from being a cruel savage. This is the down-grade of enthusiasm. But, because the excess of devotion to one's beliefs makes us crude, narrow, hard, and in the end untruthful and vulgar, we need not forswear all generous indulgence in feeling.

The people from whom one can never strike a spark of fire are either cowardly and dare not seem to care for anything lest it may not be proper or they may be mistaken; or else they are sensitive and shrink from bringing their thoughts and feelings into the light; or they are dull and inert, and cannot feel the thrill of pleasure which people of active brain and delicate nerves know; or they are sceptical, and have either by schooling or temperament acquired the habit of doubting everything, but especially of doubting whatever will kindle a glow of feeling.

We do not wish to enter the arena where strife quickly grows hot—religion, social economics, politics—but will take the quiet silent book-land; and we pity the man who reads without enthusiasm. There are those who read to amuse themselves only; but they are not readers. Nor are they readers who read only to amass information. It is the lovers of reading who are "finely touched" that the writer addresses—those whom he can move and mould.

People now are afraid to have it thought that they felt like crying over a book or at the theatre, or that they did for the matter of that. The nature that is swayed in that way is not sufficiently superior. That is a mistaken estimate. We want new causes for enthusiasm, and to lose the shame of it. Our hatred of "gush," effusion and pretence has carried us into formality and deadness, and it is a fine fashion to be devoid of feeling or conviction. We forget that the assertion of Emerson is almost true—"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

THERE are many men and women who are a law unto themselves, who follow right paths and forsake crooked ones, not from any compulsion of the law or fear of social displeasure, but from the dictates of their own consciences and the general purity of their own desires. Their self-respect is dearer to them than any praise that could be showered upon them; their self-disapproval is harder to bear than society's frown or the law's penalty. Without disregarding or despising either the one or the other, they have a higher standard than either, and they cannot be content when they fall short of that.

THE best achievements are not made by those who have neither eyes nor ears for anything beyond their one engrossing pursuit, but rather by those who, while putting their whole souls into it for the allotted time, can throw themselves heartily for a while into some other interest. They return not only freshened and invigorated, but occupying a higher stand-point and commanding larger views of their own chosen employment than before.

WHERE no interest is taken in science, literature and liberal pursuits, mere facts and insignificant criticisms necessarily become the themes of discourse; and minds, strangers alike to activity and meditation, become so limited as to render all intercourse with them at once tasteless and oppressive.

No one devoid of sympathy, no one without imagination, no one absorbed in himself can ever be a good listener. Afterwards we may and must form our own judgments, but while we listen we should be as free from them and as hospitable to others as it is in our power to be.

To work worthily, man must aspire worthily. His theory of human attainment must be lofty. It must be ever lifting him above the low plane of custom and convention, in which the senses confine him, into the high mount of vision, and of renovating ideas.

THE only way a lad without capital can get on in commercial life is by earning the good opinion of his employers. Let him perform his duties in a way that shows he is not afraid of doing more than he is paid for doing, and he need never fear promotion.

LET no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or a sun-burnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.

EVERY day and hour we are sowing the seeds of character which one day will astonish even ourselves by blossoming forth in actions of which we had not supposed ourselves capable.

RESPONSIBILITY is an educator that we can never neglect for ourselves without injury, and can never withhold from another without injustice.

SINCERITY is speaking as we think, believing as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise, and being as we appear to be.

THE conscience of every man recognizes courage as the foundation of manliness, and manliness as the perfection of human character.

THINK much before you talk much.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

G. L.—Bird-lime may be made by boiling linseed oil for some hours, until it becomes a viscid paste.

T. E. A.—Nervousness may proceed from irritability of temper, anxiety and discomfort. Occupation and making the best of everything is the sure remedy.

H.—Ordinary butterflies are simply pinned on to a board, but those with larger bodies frequently require the removal of the intestines. Dipping them into strong alcohol will insure their preservation.

LOTTIE.—To polish shells rub down the rough parts with emery and water, and repeat the rubbing with emery of different degrees of fineness; then finish with buff leather, dressed with rotten-stone and oil.

D. T. W.—A grisette, according to one authority, is a French tradesman's wife or daughter. According to another, a young laburing girl, given to gaiety; a girl or woman of the working class; or, as we should say, "a work-girl."

M. A. J.—Early gray hair in families arises in some measure from the descendants of dark haired people continuing by marriage the dark suit, and the hair of the third or fourth generation will indicate debility of stamina by falling off, or becoming prematurely grey.

A. S. TAYLOR.—To polish horn, having scraped the work perfectly smooth and level, rub it with very fine sand paper. Repeat the rubbing with a bit of felt dipped in very finely powdered charcoal with water, and, lastly, with rotten-stone or putty powder. Finish with a piece of soft wash-leather, damped with a little sweet oil.

A. H. H.—The art of cutting and polishing diamonds was not discovered until 1470. Up to that time no substance had been found that would grind them; but, by accident, two diamonds having been rubbed together, it was found that they polished each other. This is the origin of the saying, "Diamond cut diamond."

G. S.—The sea is not made salt by any natural deposits of salt in its depths. Fresh water carries down with it the salts of sodium, magnesium, chlorine, &c. These are left in the sea by the evaporation of the water constantly going on, by which the moisture of the atmosphere is chiefly sustained. After ages of this process of evaporation the sea has become heavily charged with salts, and as ages roll on this saline quality will increase until the water absolutely becomes dense with salt.

KATE W.—The seven wonders of the world are: 1. The Wall of Babylon, 200 feet in height; 2. the Labyrinth of Egypt, which contains 1,000 houses, and 12 palaces, covered with marble; 3. the pyramids of Egypt; 4. the Mausoleum of Caria; 5. the Colossus of Rhodes, a statue, between the legs of which the tallest ships could sail; 6. the statue of Jupiter Olympus, in Elis, 150 cubits high, the head of pure gold, and the body brass; 7. the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

A. H. L.—You will not be doing wrong in making your son an electrical engineer. It will open the way for him to a promising future. The medical profession, as you say, is overstocked, and the entrance is difficult and costly, unless a young fellow has exceptional ability. The same amount of study and work applied in a mechanical and scientific direction would probably place a man in a good position. Without aptitude, intelligence, and industry, he will not make engineering pay; but neither would he succeed as a doctor without these qualities, nor yet in any other occupation.

J. K.—Zinc is obtained from its ores, which are chiefly the sulphuret and carbonate of zinc. The operation by which it is procured from the ores is called distillation by descent. After calcination, the ores are mixed with carbonaceous matter, and placed in a furnace or crucible. This is closed above, and in the bottom an iron tube is fixed, the upper orifice of which is in the interior of the crucible, and its lower aperture terminates just above a vessel which contains water; the vapor of the reduced metal passing into the vessel is condensed; in this state it is generally mixed with some other metals, as arsenic and cadmium.

E. G. S.—Screws work far below the surface of the water, and lose less by slip than the paddle wheel. In naval vessels it is common to apply screws of two blades, that they may be hoisted above the water into a "well" when the vessel is under sail, or set with the two blades, directly behind the stern post, when their resistance to the forward motion of the vessel will be comparatively small. In other vessels, and sometimes in full-powered naval vessels, screws of three or four blades are used. The usual form of screw has blades of equal breadth, or slightly widening toward their extremities.

DESPAIRING.—The gist of your letter is this; how can you be a good wife when you have a bad husband?—Plain sense will tell you that neither your own conscience nor the world will or can excuse you for being a bad one. You married for better or worse. Well, your husband is all worse and no better—a not uncommon case. But do not light the candle at both ends; piece out his imperfections with your goodness. You have a severe trial; you are about to yield to some temptation; you feel weak, disheartened, unable to bear your burden. Seek strength where it may be found; endure yet for a season; the storm will pass over; the darkest hour is always just before dawn.

CHIDE NOT HARSHLY.

BY S. U. W.

O, chide not harshly, whensoe'er
  Needs must that thou shouldst chide,
For wrathful words, they "stir up strife."
  And rouse the demon pride.

Nay, chide not harshly, lest the young
  Thy well-meant warnings spurn;
And to thy words of counsel yield
  A thankless, cold return!

Yes, gently chide, as He was wont,
  Who once our trespass bore,
And to the penitent replied,
  "Go thou, and sin no more!"

Very Delicate Ground.

BY E. N.

THERE was not a happier man in the whole City of London than Mr. William Littlewood, when he left his place of business in the City on that December afternoon. The sky was dull, and the atmosphere cold and damp, and disagreeable enough to please even the most obstinate defender of a good old-fashioned winter; but Mr. Littlewood was warm with the glow of a gratified ambition, and a grateful sense of the generous recognition he had obtained from his employers—a recognition which made them his employers no longer, for he was now a partner in the firm.

Littlewood's promotion had been slow; still he was satisfied. Offers of a higher salary failed to tempt him from his first allegiance. He was used as a stop gap now and then, when their foreign traveler and buyer was taking a holiday, or had an attack of gout; and the substitute acquitted himself so well that he became the permanent and chief representative.

The suggestion that he should be taken into partnership would never have come from Littlewood. It had been the highest point of his ambition, and he was not unconscious that he deserved it; but the recognition of his merit filled him with gratitude.

Thrifty as William was by habit, he indulged in the luxury of a cab on this occasion. He had an old friend at Streatham, a brusque and prosperous drysalter, whose manners were as crude and unrefined as any of the drugs and gums, barks and spices, that came in their native state to his premises, in Mincing Lane.

Perhaps, in William's stolid, hard-working, self-respecting independence, Mr. Oliphant saw something akin to his own iron-headed, indomitable capacity for making money. Whatever the cause may have been, there was always a welcome for William Littlewood—"Bill," Mr. Oliphant called him—at Mountside.

It may have been that William had some secret compassion for the drysalter, who, in spite of his wealth, and his magnificent house, was not a happy man. His children had disappointed him bitterly. His eldest son, declining to have anything to do with trade had failed at being a gentleman, and enlisted. The second son had taken to the stage, and was heard of now and then, when he wanted a railway fare from some remote provincial town, where he had been left stranded by a bad season, or a worse manager. The third was in Mincing Lane, with his father, doing his work as willingly as a convict drags his chains; and his eldest daughter had married a man the drysalter would not receive.

Mr. Oliphant had taken no lesson to heart from these domestic desertions; his rules were fast and strict, his manner as stern for those who remained as for those who had gone. He was as irritable and exacting with his daughter Charlotte, as he had been with her sister Maude; and yet he loved them both in his constrained, undemonstrative, tyrannical way.

He wanted them to have husbands of his own choosing, and he never encouraged them to bring their own friends home; and having lost one daughter, he kept a jealous watch on the other. Most men would as soon have thought of going into a tiger's cage, as of asking Mr. Oliphant for Charlotte. Yet this was just what William Littlewood intended to do.

He was very heartily, if gruffly received; the drysalter standing at the window, with his back to the fire, and his hands in his pockets, saw the cab stop outside, and growled at the young man's extravagance. Even now Mr. Oliphant went to the City on an omnibus, to save his horses; and when he was afflicted with an extra twinge of economy, he would walk every step of the homeward journey. Mrs. Oliphant kept her minor grievances to herself, and the servants went about the house very quietly on those occasions when he did walk home.

"This is not in keeping with your own maxim," he said, as he shook hands with Littlewood, "that no man should indulge in the luxury of a cab till he is sure of a thousand a year."

"I think it will come to nearly that," William said, "and I thought you would like to hear the good news. That is why I had a cab. They have taken me into the firm."

"No!"

"Yes, sir. I had indulged in dreams of such a thing in the distant future; but I had no idea it would happen to-day. Mr. Dawson gives me a half of one share, Mr. Gray and Mr. Crosby a quarter each. I retain my salary, and am to have a large interest as I extend the business."

"That's fair," Mr. Oliphant said. I don't mind telling you that you have kept the business on its legs well, and it was wise on their part, as well as just to you, to take you in; but it is a chance of a thousand, and you are a lucky fellow. How old are you?"

"Thirty, last birthday."

"Thirty, with a sound business behind you, and a comfortable income of twenty pounds a week; why you have everything a man can ask for in this world. You are a free agent, you travel all over the world at the firm's expense, you have no wife to bother you, no thankless children to the your hand."

"If I had children I would take care they were not thankless," said Littlewood; "and a wife, the wife I want, would be no trouble to me, Mr. Oliphant. You like me, I think, and if you are satisfied with my position, you will not kill me on the spot if I tell you I want to marry Lottie."

"Good Heavens!" said the drysalter, taking a pinch of snuff, and sneezing violently. "I should as soon have thought of giving you the moon!"

"But the moon is not yours to give, and Lottie is," Will said, with his quiet smile; "and after all, you need not be so much astonished. Lottie is three-and-twenty. I have known her since she was a child, and though I am sure she had not the slightest notion that I am in love with her, she knows I am fond of her, and the rest may come in time. You are not sorry at what I have said, I hope, sir?"

"Not sorry, Bill. Certainly not, my boy. Far from it—only a bit surprised. You are such a steady-going, practical fellow, that I have treated you more like a man of my own age than what you are. You have taken me by surprise, Bill; but it is a pleasant surprise, and you have done what every man should do. You made sure of your position before you thought about a wife."

"I have been thinking about it for the last five years," William said, "but I kept my thoughts to myself till I was justified in speaking."

"I wish other men were more like you," the drysalter observed, "and I only hope Lottie will have sense enough to think of you as I do. Has there been any kind of courting between you?"

"None, on my word."

"You are the only man I have trusted her with," said Oliphant, "and I did not know what you might have said. I am rather afraid, though, that you have not much of a chance. Lottie is the best of my children, but there's a touch of the fine lady about her. She is not so bad as Maude, but her idea of a man is something with a nice moustache and a romantic name—like a duke or an opera singer. It's a mystery to me where they get it from. There was Jervis, my eldest son, who called himself Gervase, and turned up his nose at the tea trade; and Clarence, who took to the stage; I believe his name was to blame for that. As to Maude, I know she was doomed when she met a fellow with such a name as Challis Lefrayne. She ran away with him, thinking to come back and be forgiven, and get some of my money; but he shall never darken my door."

If he expected William to plead for Maude's husband he was mistaken. Mr. Littlewood knew his man too well for that. Much as he longed to bring the members of this broken family together, he dared not attempt it yet.

"You will find Lottie with Maude," Mr. Oliphant said, after a pause. "I do not keep one sister from the other, and Maude drops in to see her mother; but she never comes when I am at home, and yet I do not think she is altogether the injured party. When a man works for his children, as I have done, it's rather hard to see them turn him off for the first stranger that comes along. It seems to me that a rich man's daughters are looked upon as the natural prey of every paltry adventurer who wants to marry for money."

"There I think you are wrong, if you allude to Maude and Lefrayne," William ventured to say. "If he had been an adventurer, he would have taken pains to curry favor with you, for he knew your inflexible disposition too well to expect anything from you when he married Maude without your consent. He is a kind and steady husband, and they are happier on his small salary than many who have ten times as much. He wanted Maude, and, so that he obtained her, I do not think he cared a jot whether you were rich or poor."

This was plain speaking, of the style to which Mr. Oliphant had grown accustomed from William Littlewood. He did not always care for it, and it was against his grain in the present instance, but the new partner in the firm of Dawson, Gray and Crosby was the one man with whom he never got the best of an argument. He growled inwardly at the contradiction, but he gave way on that point, and went into a long list of domestic grievances, all of which William had listened to before, and as patiently as he did now, for there was an undercurrent of pathos in the merchant's rugged and surly disappointment, a wistfulness that stole like a tear through his angry pride, and told of a yearning for the return of those who had left him.

It was a curious thing that, though William never pleaded for the absent sons, never urged a word in direct palliation of their misconduct, he generally managed to considerably soften the father's feelings towards them every time their names were mentioned.

"I do not want you to trouble Lottie about me," Littlewood said, as he set out at about the time he thought that young lady would be on her way home. "I will bring her back, and you will know by a nod, or a shake of the head, whether I have made any progress or not, and if I have not, please don't notice it to her. She likes me very well as it is, and till I have felt my way I shall not risk proposing to her. I don't mind being a friend, and nothing more, but I could not stand being a rejected lover."

"You shall have your own way," said Oliphant; "and I will not say a word, even to my wife, though you would be sure of her on your side; you were always a favorite of hers."

Mr. Littlewood took that encouragement with him from Streatham to the more homely district of Brixton, where the Lefraynes had a couple of rooms in one of the side streets.

He kept a careful look-out for Charlotte, whom he expected to see in company with her sister and her brother-in-law, who generally walked with her to within a few yards of her father's door.

He saw Miss Oliphant presently, but she was not with Maude or Lefrayne. Her companion was a tall and rather stylish young man, a stranger to William, who surveyed him with a disparaging curiosity scarcely warranted by the circumstances.

"I wonder who he is?" thought Littlewood. "Lefrayne had no right to trust her out with a stranger—if he is a stranger—and they seem to be on very good terms, if they are."

He crossed the road at a point which brought him directly in front of them on the opposite pavement, and felt sorry to see that Lottie was disconcerted by his sudden appearance; but she had recovered herself in a moment, and gave him her hand.

"Were you coming to meet me?" she asked.

"Yes. Your father told me you were with Maude."

"You were very kind to come; but Mr. Lysaght would have seen me home, Mr. Percival Lysaght, Willie, an old friend of Challis'. He knows you by repute, for Maude and I have been talking of you all the evening, and I want you to like each other very much."

Mr. Lysaght was already prepared to like Littlewood very much; he gave William his hand, and looked at him with a pleasant frankness which nearly disarmed that gentleman's jealous dislike of him. Lysaght had traveled, and the two men met on common ground when they discussed the European continent; but Miss Oliphant's new friend had seen more of the world, as he took care to let them know while sauntering along with them; it was a very graceful saunter of his, and with his easy manner and sweet tenor voice, would have made him dangerously attractive even without the softness of his large violet eyes and the long, light-brown, drooping moustache; he was an architect and surveyor, and just completed some professional work at the Cape.

William did not want to be unjust; he told himself that the fellow could not help being handsome, and except for some harmless vanity, might be no worse for it; but he inwardly wished Mr. Lysaght would return to the Cape as soon as possible.

He was glad when Mr. Lysaght left them, and this took place when Charlotte was about half way home. William had noticed that there was a confidential familiarity, not to say a tenderness, between them, which showed that considerable progress had been made while he was away for two months buying silks, velvets, and laces at Lyons, Genoa, Brussels, and other places; and though they are parted without the slightest sign of an understanding as to where they were to see each other again, William had no doubt that the time and place for their next meeting was already arranged.

He was silent for some time after Lysaght had gone; he gathered no encouragement from the confiding clasp of that small hand on his arm; it was part of the affectionate trust he had gained by years of disinterested devotion of an elderly brotherly kind; he could not mention the subject near his heart till he knew exactly what Percival Lysaght was to her, and he had not to wait long for the information.

"Do you like him?" she asked innocently.

"Mr. Lysaght, do you mean? Well, yes, so far as I can say at present; and if he is only half as good as he looks, he must be rather better than most men; but what does it matter whether I like him or not?"

"It is everything to me," Lottie said, with an anxious glance at her companion's serious face. "If I trust you with a secret, Willie, will you promise never to tell anyone?"

The young man felt his heart grow heavy. What secret could this girl, a child in her knowledge of the world, have to trust him with, unless that violet-eyed impostor, with the long moustache, had tempted her to follow her sister's unfortunate example, and she was married to him? And even while taking a rapid view of that possibility, he thought more regretfully of the consequences to her, and her father's disappointment, than his own.

"Anything you tell me in confidence, Lottie, will, of course, be respected," he said, gravely; "but you, I hope, have no secrets from your parents?"

"Only this one, Willie; and you have promised not to tell. I should have told father myself, but the fact that Percival is a friend of Challis' would set father against him for ever. He is going out to Toronto in a few weeks time, and he wants to take me with him. The wedding is to be a very quiet one: but I should like you, as my oldest friend, to be there to give me away. Will you?"

* * * * * *

The same prompt and quiet resolution which had made William Littlewood successful in his commercial career, came to his aid in this most trying moment of his life. His own hopes were shattered at once, and he accepted that with a patient heroism which was part of his character. A very deep and tender love for her had been growing up for years within him, but he strangled that with the strength of his honest and simple pride.

He saw at once that he could never hope to be more than he had ever been—friend, brother, and adviser when she wanted help, and his resignation was not the less touching because he made no sig .

"Will I?" he said, answering her last words, after some deliberation. "I made you a rash promise, Lottie, and I shall not break it; but there are many things to be considered before I give you to this man, of whom we know little or nothing. I only went away two months ago, and you were not acquainted with him then."

"I met him at Maude's a few days after you were gone, and Challis has known him since he was a boy."

"Yes; but Challis is rather an impulsive fellow, and his friendships are governed rather by his heart than his head. I remember now hearing Mr. Lysaght mentioned; but it must be ten years or more since he was last in England."

"It is quite ten years."

"Well, Lottie, if I were your brother, I should want to know the history of those ten years before I let my sister marry him. I am not saying a word against the man; he is a very taking fellow altogether, but I should like him better if he had gone straight to your father before he made love to you."

"But you know, Willie, father would

not look at anyone who was introduced by Challis."

"I am not so sure of that; your father, though in some respects a stern and exacting man, is eminently a just one; and though he has good reasons for his prejudice against Lefrayne, he would not extend that prejudice to anyone and everyone you might meet there. He would be quite willing to judge Mr. Lysaght on his merits, and you ought at least to give him the opportunity."

"Percival is so proud, Willie, he could not bear the thought of a refusal."

"He need not be afraid of that, if his prospects are fairly good, and his character will bear investigation. I will introduce him as my friend, if you like, saying nothing about this wild and unwise project of your marriage, and then Mr. Lysaght can speak for himself."

"Father would never consent, I am certain of that," Lottie said. "Mr. Lysaght is not the kind of man he likes, and he would never let me go to Canada, even if there were no other objection. His prospects are very good, but he may have to wait; there is plenty of money in the family."

"It is wonderful what an extraordinary number of good-looking fellows I have met in my time," William said, "all afflicted with a similar complaint—their prospects are good, there is plenty of money in the family, and they only have to wait. Now there is plenty of money in your family, Lottie, but, under present circumstances, I am afraid that Maude and your brothers are not likely to benefit by it. And then, why should you go to Canada? An architect, who is worth anything in his business, could get as good a living here as there. Something is due to your father and mother, Lottie, and you are the only child they have left."

"It would break my heart, Willie, if I were to lose him."

"Ah!" he said, with a heavy sigh, "that is the way with some girls, Lottie, but I thought better of you. You will break your heart if you cannot go to the other end of the world with a man you have only known a couple of months; but you care very little for the broken hearts you leave behind you, the parents who nursed you in your infancy, the friends who have loved you ever since you were in your cradle. But you need not cry, my dear; I will do the best I can."

"And you will come to the wedding?"

"If there is to be a wedding, I will come; but I must insist upon taking Mr. Lysaght to your father; and should your father refuse to let him marry you on any grounds that seem unreasonable to me, I will take the risk of offending him, and give you away. But let me advise you not to drag Maude and Challis into it; if they were to aid and abet you in such an act of disobedience, their last hope of forgiveness would be shut out for ever."

"I did hope, Willie," Miss Oliphant said, through her tears, "that you would do what I wished without bringing father into the question."

"Did you?" said William, drily. "Then you were mistaken, my dear. I have too much regard for your happiness, and too much respect for your father, to do anything of the kind. If Mr. Lysaght can stand the test, you have nothing to fear; and if he cannot, the sooner you are rid of him the better.

"I will pave the way for him, and I have some influence, as you know. As for help of any other kind, my word is worth something in the City; and if he is in want of a few hundreds to start with, I don't mind putting my hand in my pocket for him. There is plenty of room for a good architect in London; he need not go to Toronto for the work that is to be had here."

"You are very kind, Willie, but I do not think he would take your money, though I have heard him say he could do very well in England if he had capital; but," she repeated, doubtfully, "I do not think he would take your money."

Mr. Littlewood smiled.

The man who would entice a young girl into a secret marriage, was not, in his opinion, likely to possess the sturdy spirit of independence Lottie was disposed to credit him with.

"We shall see," he said. "Mr. Lysaght will not refuse a loan from me if it would enable him to establish a position, and to marry you the sooner. And now, Lottie, I want a promise from you. You have always been a good and truthful girl, and you will not break your word, so promise me that you will not marry him unless I am present at the wedding."

"But you may not approve of it."

"I will be there in any case, rather than at such a crisis in your life you should not have the presence and the sanction of at least one faithful friend."

Charlotte gave him her promise then, and he had to be content.

It was better that he should be there, than to have her steal away in secret, and be entirely at the mercy of a stranger, who came with no higher recommendation than the friendship of Challis Lefrayne.

That gentleman lived too much in the present to be a trustworthy guide for anyone; he had a careless rather than a reckless temperament, and while he could earn a sovereign, or borrow one, he did not give a thought to the morrow. And, so far as Littlewood could judge from a single interview, Mr. Lysaght was a disciple of the same unthrifty, shallow-minded school.

Miss Oliphant went to her own apartment when they reached home, and William found the drysalter in the dining-room, where he had left him.

The old man's expression of anxiety changed to one of pain when Littlewood shook his head with rather a sad smile.

"Too late in the field, eh?" he growled. "She has picked up some jackanapes at Maude's, I suppose—wants to follow Maude's example, perhaps. Well, let her, and"—he brought his fist down on the table with a crash—"she shall never darken my door again."

"Do not excite yourself over an imaginary grievance," Will said, tranquilly. "There is nothing the matter with the gentleman who was seeing Lottie home. He labors under the disadvantage of being Lefrayne's friend, and that has made him uncertain as to what his reception might be here; but I am going to bring him, so that you can judge for yourself."

"You are going to bring him, and you are in love with her?"

"That is why I am going to bring him. My love is not of the kind that would make me behave like a dog in the manger. You would despise me if it were Lottie likes him very much, there is no doubt about that; and it is but just to her that he should have a fair chance."

"You are a curious fellow," the drysalter said. "You always think of other people first; and if you care to give her up so easily, it is not for me to interfere. Bring him, if you like. I daresay we shall find him some mercenary jackanapes, who would rather make sure of her by a private marriage, than come to me for her honestly and openly."

William winced at the random thrust, which went so nearly home; but he told himself it was only a rough guess, made by a naturally suspicious man.

"And who is he?" Mr. Oliphant went on. "What kind of people are his family? and where does he come from?"

"I know nothing about his family; but they must have held a decent position, or they could not have put him to his profession. The man himself is handsome enough, with pleasant manners, a tolerable education, and a good, if a weak, disposition. For the last year or two he has been doing business at the Cape, in Grahams Town."

"Let me know what a man has been doing for a year or two," Mr. Oliphant said, "and I can tell you pretty well what he has been, or is likely to be. What do you say his name is?"

"Lysaght."

"Uncommon enough of itself, and as architects are not so plentiful as publicans or bakers, we shall soon be able to find out what sort of a record Mr. Lysaght, architect, late of Grahams Town, has. We have several firms out there on our list. You need not tell him, or Lottie, that I am going to make any inquiries about him. Let him come here, and he shall be judged on his merits; and for once in a way I will make myself especially agreeable."

Inwardly, Mr. Littlewood hoped that the unusual nature of the effort would not cause him any serious inconvenience; but he said nothing, and went away, not quite so unhappy as she might have been.

Lottie came down just as he was going, and the tears started to her eyes, when her father spoke with a tenderness he did not often display.

"Bill has been telling me about that young gentleman of yours," he said, "and is going to bring him here. It is what you ought to have done, my dear, for I don't want a second mistake in the family. There, you need not cry; you will get married, I suppose, like most silly girls, who never know when they are well off; and I only want to see that you have a straightforward kind of man."

"I would have brought him home, father," Charlotte said, "but I was afraid you would not receive him nicely."

"Perhaps you were right, my girl. I have never given you much encouragement, and meeting him at Maude's would not have been a first-class recommendation to me; but since Bill has spoken about him, I see things in a different light. If Mr. Lysaght is a steady fellow, he need not wait, as I did, for a wife, till I had made a position. He shall have something to start with, if necessary; and if Bill and I speak for him, he will soon get on, for I can tell you our names are worth something in the City of London."

Lottie could have kissed William, as she did her father, in her grateful joy; and the poor fellow did look as if he had some slight longing for a share in that spontaneous demonstration; but he pressed her little hand instead, and hoped, from the depths of his honest heart, that for her sake Mr. Lysaght would stand the test of the inquiry he knew the drysalter would institute without delay, in Grahams Town.

His first impression of Lysaght had not really been an unfavorable one. It was tinged, of course, by the disappointment he felt when he found an unexpected rival in the way; but William put that aside with a firm hand, and his favorable impression was strengthened very much at their second interview.

He had determined, before they met, to take a generous, rather than a narrow estimate of the man Lottie had chosen, and he saw nothing to find fault with. Mr. Lysaght's intellect was not, perhaps, of the solid kind. He was apt to take a surface view of things; still, he was well read, and could touch most subjects with a graceful hand, if not a strong one. And there could be no doubt of his love for Lottie. When William was satisfied on this point, he gave the architect his whole friendship without reserve.

"Lottie has told me that she took you into her confidence," Lysaght said, "and I was very glad. Not at first, you know, but after I had thought it over; but if you had been a different sort of man, I hardly know what we should have done.

"Had I been a different man," William said, "Lottie would not have trusted me."

Mr. Lysaght bowed, as if accepting the correction. They were having their conversation in a quiet corner of the pleasant rooms Lefrayne had managed to furnish out of his limited income, and the architect treated William with a deference due more to his solidity of character than his age, for there was very little difference between them in that respect.

"You thought it a mean thing of me to want Lottie to marry me unknown to her parents," Lysaght went on, blushing slightly under the slow nod of assent Mr. Littlewood made to that proposition; "but from what I had heard of Mr. Oliphant, I was sure there would be no chance for me if I asked him for her."

William was obliged to admit there might not have been much chance.

"But you should have asked him all the same," he said. "It would have been time enough to take the other step, had you been obliged to, as a last resource. However, that is over; we will leave here early, and you can see him this evening. You will have a welcome and a fair trial. Should he find you truthful and straightforward, you will have nothing to fear."

"Let him deal with me as he thinks I deserve," Lysaght said. "I am quite willing to stay in England, if I can make an opening. My love for Lottie will keep me straight in the future, and there are very few things I have to be sorry for in the past. A man does not go through the world without making a mistake now and then; and now that I may think of Lottie, I had made the last of mine."

William did not ask what his mistakes had been. It was enough if, with the incentive of Miss Oliphant's love, Lysaght resolved to live in the future with manly steadfastness of purpose.

Lottie left her sister an hour earlier than usual, and went to Streatham very happy with her escort of two. Her thoughts were busy all the way, picturing the brightness of the days to come. She could not feel too grateful to her old friend Willie, for obtaining Mr. Lysaght a welcome in her father's house. She saw no sign of the pain that made him wince inwardly, when in her innocent joy she thanked and praised him.

It may have been that the promise of Mr. Littlewood's friendship gave Lysaght strength, for he went very well through the trying ordeal of an introduction to Mr. Oliphant. It was not an easy thing to stand the grim scrutiny of that gentleman's critical and searching eyes; the thick and shaggy brows under which they were so deeply set, and the rigid firmness of his iron mouth in repose, made him look much more terrible than he really was. But Lysaght, though gifted with a tolerable share of assurance, was glad when that iron mouth relaxed into something like a smile of approval.

"If you are anywhere near as good as you look," he said, with gruff cordiality, and a grip of the hand which almost made the delicately built architect stand on his toes, "you will do."

For several weeks Mr. Lysaght was a daily visitor, and the drysalter had his reward in seeing how bright and beautiful his favorite child grew under her new happiness. Thanks to her father's influence, Lysaght went to work at once in the office of an eminent architect, and proved that he was a man of exceptional ability.

He went for a month on probation, and at the end of it he was pronounced fully qualified for a leading position, with a view to a partnership, for which the drysalter was quite willing to put down the necessary money; and when the deed of partnership was signed, Charlotte and her lover were to be married.

"We will wait a week or two," Mr. Oliphant said; "we have only known him a month, remember; and I should like to know a little more about him before I give him my daughter for the rest of her life."

This seemed but natural, and Lottie did not attach any particular importance to his words; but about a fortnight later, he came home in a thoughtful mood, and was singularly gentle with her. In the evening, Mr. Littlewood and Lysaght made their appearance together. They generally travelled from the City in company. Lottie and her father were in the dining-room, and he gave his hand to William as usual, but drew back from the other.

"Before I touch your hand again Mr. Lysaght," he said, "answer more one simple question. Do you know a Miss Marie Danvers in Grahams Town?"

He took a letter, with a Cape postmark on it, from his pocket. The wretched young man saw that all was lost, and stood there, pale, guilty, and dumb.

"Yes or no?" was the inexorable demand.

"Yes," came the faltering reply. "I wrote to her on the day before I first came here, and I told her all the truth. What else could I do, when my love for Lottie had so completely mastered me? I asked Miss Danvers to release me from our engagement, and she did so. I have her answer here."

"I wrote for information on the day after you came," said Oliphant; "and I know that she released you, but it was with a broken heart. Lottie, my girl, I can see this is not far from breaking yours as well; but would you take him now?"

She only gave Lysaght one reproachful glance, then threw herself into her father's arms, with a passionate and grievous cry.

"Never!" she said—"never; and never let me see his face again."

Lysaght would have knelt to ask her pardon, to kiss her hand, or even touch the hem of her dress, but William took him firmly, and not unkindly, by the arm, and led him out.

It said much for his forbearance that he did not utter an angry word; in spite of the trouble this man had brought into Lottie's life, Littlewood could not help pitying him.

Lysaght had no defence to make except that he had drifted into an engagement with Miss Danvers, he hardly knew how, and might have been content to marry her had he not met Charlotte Oliphant, and then a merely pleasant liking for one was absorbed in a passionate love for the other.

"Your duty lies straight before you," William said, when Lysaght had gone over the same ground again and again for more than an hour. "Go back to Grahams Town and make your peace. You will find the poor girl as willing to forgive and take you back as she was generous in giving you up. Act like a man, and if you need a friend, you may still rely on me."

He went back to the house, and found Lottie sitting quiet, and tearless now, in her father's arms. Her sorrow had softened his heart, but he was full of suppressed fury against Lysaght, and at this time, as ever after, William rather defended than condemned his sometime rival.

He had his reward. He was always the more welcome, because she was always sure of his sympathy. He became almost indispensable to her during the convalescence which followed the long illness she had after Mr. Lysaght left England; and yet it never occurred to her that this patient attention and thoughtfulness meant anything more than their old affectionate friendship.

"How kind Willie is," she said one even-

ing, to her father. "I often think what a splendid husband he would make. I wonder he has never been in love."

Mr. Oliphant laughed, not gruffly. He was a changed man altogether. Both his sons were coming home, and for the first time since Maude's marriage he had sent her a birthday cheque.

"I could tell you a story about that," he said. "Bill has been in love, is in love; but a man's patience does not last for ever, and you will lose him one of these days."

"In, love, father? Do I know her?"

"Yes, if you know yourself. And I question whether a woman ever does. He is, and always has been, in love with you!"

He told her the story then, and it was like a revelation to her, and her heart kindled as she realized his unselfish kindness, his delicate chivalry.

When he came in, an hour later, her father gave him a friendly slap, which would have upset the equilibrium of an ordinary man, and said, as he rolled out of the room:

"It's all right, Bill. I have told her."

Mr. Littlewood looked at Lottie. The sweet shy face was burning with a blush that her slender white hands tried in vain to cover. He made prisoners of those hands, and hid the blushing face on his shoulder.

"How good you were," she said, "and I never knew. Father tells me you loved me yourself all the time. Did you?"

"Just as I do now, Lottie. Never less and never more. I could not, if I tried—and you?"

And she lifted her face from her shoulder to answer him. Her lips were so near that the reply was lost; but it must have been satisfactory, for the wedding took place a month afterwards, and the breakfast-party included both the brothers, Maude, and Mr. Lefrayne; but Mr. Oliphant's eyes were at their kindest when they rested on his son-in-law. He knew whose influence it was that had brought them together.

My Cousins.

BY H. W.

I WAS at home at last, after ten years of wandering; at home, yet alone in the world. Though I had everything except friends, I would have given all for something to love, some one to love me. A stranger in my native place, and still an invalid from the effects of a terrible fever which had lately prostrated me, I dreaded living in the old house, occupied only by servants.

I had an uncle in the West of England, whom I had not seen since a child. He had married a widow with two little girls. I wondered if he had yet room in his heart to find a place for the nephew he used to love. I longed to be among friends, and thought I might find them in Uncle James and his family. I wrote to him, inviting myself to go down for a short time, adding that I would start that very day. In truth I was afraid to await an answer, lest some troublesome circumstance should shut me up at home. But when fairly on my way I troubled myself somewhat about my probable reception, and devoutly hoped the two girls would be no annoyance.

It was night when I arrived. Uncle James met me with a hearty greeting at the station, and, after a very short drive, ushered me into his drawing-room and introduced me to his wife and two daughters.

Mrs. Gray, Uncle James' wife, a fair-looking woman, of soft and pleasant speech, who won my heart immediately by her gentle, motherly ways; Bel, the eldest daughter, was a tall, graceful girl, with a fair complexion, clear, dark eyes, and beautiful hands that toyed gracefully with the knitting she seemed to be intent on. I could not help watching them. Indeed I was so much taken up by thoughts of Bel, that I scarcely bestowed a second glance upon Ethel, the second daughter, who need not have been contrasted with Bel's beauty to be called plain. At supper, which was soon announced, I could but notice the difference between the two. Ethel was not only plain, but exceedingly awkward, while Bel was the embodiment of grace. Uncle James and Aunt Mary talked to me about my travels, my lonely return, and other things; but I'm sure I couldn't have repeated a word the next moment, so perfectly engrossed was I by the beautiful eldest daughter.

The heat of the Summer was gone, and it was the pleasantest time in the year for the long, delightful rambles which we took over field and hill. Ethel scarcely ever accompanied us but one day we had all been rambling in the wood that skirted Round Pond, a beautiful sheet of water that lay near my uncle's residence; and as we strolled homeward we stopped to look over the bank into its quiet depths.

"Oh," said Bel, "do you see those beautiful flowers further down on the bank? How fresh and bright they look! Can you not get me some?"

"Oh Bel, it's dangerous," said Ethel. "The bank is steep, and he would be sure to fall."

Before Ethel had finished her remonstrance I was half way down, holding by the hanging branches, and grasping for the flowers. The bank was not only steep, but there was no firm foothold on it. I slipped, and fell.

* * * * * *

I awoke, and lay languidly on my pillow, without wish or power to raise my head. Suddenly voices in the next room met my ear, and I could but hear what they were saying.

"Do, Bel, go in and stay with him while I help mother finish this," said Ethel; "for I'm afraid he may need something."

"Pooh! he will not know it if he does," replied Bel. "He is delirious. How can I read in there, and he all the time raving about somebody or other?"

"Oh, for shame, Bel!" said Ethel. "You know he means you. When he was well, you were glad to lay by your book, interesting as it might be, for him."

"Of course," said Bel; "and shall be again, when he comes to his senses. He is rich, and worth putting up one's book for. But if you think I'm going in there to read now, you are mistaken; so go yourself, if you're afraid to leave him alone." I heard a soft footfall in my room, then some one bent over me (I had shut my eyes as though sleeping), and close to my forehead was bent a soft cheek—moist, too! It was only for a moment, but it thrilled me, knowing those tears had fallen for me.

As she turned to go noiselessly out, I opened my eyes. Yes, it was Ethel gliding softly away. I heard her say as she entered the other apartment, "Oh, Bel, he is sleeping sweetly. I am so thankful! Now I'll help mother finish her work, and then I'll come and sit by him while he sleeps."

"No, you needn't," said Bel. "I'll go and change my dress and arrange my hair, and go myself. Perhaps he will know us when he wakes."

Then I slept, and when I opened my eyes again, I saw Aunt Mary and the girls sitting in the room at work.

Aunt Mary came to the bed and laid her hand on my forehead, saying, tenderly, "You have been ill a long time, but you are better now, and must be very careful. Do not talk, but let everything rest till you are a little stronger."

I was going to ask some questions with regard to my illness, but shut my lips again and kept quiet; but my gaze wandered to Bel, who sat near me. She raised her beautiful eyes, full of tears, from her work, and smiled, then drooped her long lashes again and worked on quietly. I did not watch the soft, white, flitting hands, as it had once been my joy to do, but my glance wandered to the window where she sat, and though she did not raise her eyes, I watched her as she worked. Her face, it seemed to me, was thinner and paler than I had ever seen it, but her light brown hair was brushed back in the same glossy waves from her forehead. I fell asleep watching her, and dreamed she was trying to pull me out of the water; but Bel held her back, and kept calling on me to get her some flowers which I could not reach.

Several weeks passed, during which I gained strength rapidly. Bel was all attention and was always alone with me in the forenoon. Once it would have filled me with joy to have her near me; now I cared no more for her than I should for a waxen doll, and I hailed the afternoon with pleasure, for it always brought Aunt Mary and Ethel. One of the girls read aloud, and thus the hours passed very pleasantly.

At last I was able to go about again. The leaves had all fallen, and everything looked blank and drear out of doors. I told them one morning, as we sat at breakfast, that I must soon go home.

Aunt Mary and Uncle James protested that I should stay with them all the Winter, and Bel joined her soft, pleading voice, and as she laid her little hand on mine caressingly, there was something in her face that told me I need not go alone. Ethel said nothing, and I did not dare look at her to read what I hoped her face expressed. I thanked them all, but I did not say whether I would stay.

"If I return alone, Uncle James, it will be because Ethel wills it. Say, Ethel, must I go back alone, or will you go with me?"

She raised her beautiful eyes, but they could not bear my look of admiration and love, and she bent her head over upon the table and sobbed aloud.

In another moment we were alone, and I went and leaned over her and laid my hand on her head.

"Ethel, Ethel, do not mind what I said. Forget it. Do not distress yourself, because you give me pain. If you do not love me I can go away, and you must forget all about it."

Up, like a flash, came the sunny brown head, and a broad, beautiful smile, flashed over her face.

"But I do love you, Cousin Gerald. What then?"

I began to see how matters stood. I caught her in my arms, tha I might look at her attentively. She bore the scrutiny, blushing and smiling through her tears.

I will not attempt to tell many foolish things I said and did—for what matters it? We were married, and went home before the snow fell; and the dreary old house has a new aspect since the sunshine has been flitting through its large dark rooms. Love is a wonderful beautifier, they say; and Ethel, too, has grown pretty beneath its magic influence. Her hair lies in the same shining waves across her forehead, and her happy, cheerful face beams with undying beauty. Her smooth, white, shapely hands could bear comparison even with Bel's. But I love my little darling better for that? No, indeed! I love her because she is a true, affectionate woman, my own "pearl of price." God bless my Ethel!

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

In Melbourne, Australia, two varieties of hardwood, the jarrah and the karri, native to that place, are used in street paving. They are also used in paving the carriage ways of London, and last much longer than pine.

An American traveler relates that, alighting at a hotel in Granada, a man at the door put out his hand toward him. The traveler supposed that the man was the porter of the hotel, and offered him his valise. The man stepped back, tossed his head, and frowned scornfully. "Caramba!" he exclaimed; "do you take me for a porter? I would have you understand that I am no porter." "Indeed? Then may I ask you, senor, what you are?" "I am a beggar, sir, and asked you for alms!"

We do not know, but we strongly suspect that our electric railways are encouraging the car cure. In fact, Europeans are gravely discussing the effects of electric railways on rheumatism, and many sufferers take the car cure with regularity and supposed benefit. They get as near the motor as possible and cast longing eyes on the trolley. As a noted and eminent English physician gave as the result of his life's observation "that fully two-thirds of the ailments of humanity were purely imaginary," we can readily see how the car cure for rheumatism is very efficacious.

Like the Turks, who drop their sandals before the mosque door that its sacred floor may not be defiled, so the Hollanders slip off their wooden patterns before those altars of cleanliness—their tiny dwellings. A common sight in the villages is to see a row of wooden shoes of various sizes, from the big ones of the father down to the small ones of the baby, placed on the outside of the doors, showing that the family is assembled within. No need to ask in these peasant villages if madam is "at home to her friends." The presence or absence of her wooden shoes at the threshold tells always whether she is in or out.

King Milan of Servia once went to the hotel of a distinguished lady, who was giving a bazaar for the benefit of the poor children of Paris. As soon as the King appeared upon the scene she advanced toward him with a splendid silver salver in her hand, on which was beautifully embla zoned the family arms. On it lay a pretty little bunch of violets. "How much, madame?" asked the King. "Twenty-four louis, sire," was the soft response. Milan paid her the sum she asked with a courteous bow, took the salver from her hands, placed the bouquet in his buttonhole and walked off with the tray under his arm.

Some very interesting exercises in swimming cavalry took place lately on the Cabul river at Peshawur. The Thirteenth D. C. O. Bengal Lancers have been practicing their horses in a large tank in their lines and on the river for some time. One squadron took cover along the river bank and kept up a steady fire to protect the passage of the other squadron, who placed all their arms, accoutrements and clothes in large country boats, and conducted their horses into the water. Some horses seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves in the water; others became unmanageable through fear. However, the opposite bank was reached and war paint resumed, and the squadron was with most creditable rapidity taking measures to protect their comrades, crossed in like manner.

One of the most curious statistical records that has been compiled this century is that by Dr. Salzmann, of Esslingen, Wurtemburg, on the average duration of life among physicians. He found, on going over the ancient records of the kingdom, that in the sixteenth century the average duration of life among that class was but 36.5 years; in the seventeenth century, 45.8; in the eighteenth, 49.8, and at the present time they reach the favorable average of 56.7. It appears from the footnotes to the above that this very great increase in longevity is due to the disappearance of the "black pest," the introduction of vaccination and the great diminution in the number of typhus epidemics, three classes of diseases which formerly decimated the medical practitioners.

"I saw an eagle killed last summer in rather a strange way," says a correspondent. "One afternoon while out hunting I noticed an immense eagle flying directly overhead, bearing in its talons a burden that apparently worried it. I noticed that the bird commenced to show signs of weakness, but was somewhat surprised when a moment or two later the bird began descending rapidly and soon fell to the ground. Hastening to the spot I found the eagle dying, yet firmly grasping in its powerful talons a large sized ferret as its prey. The animal was fighting frantically for freedom, and had killed its captor. The eagle had evidently stolen a march upon its cunning victim, but greatly mistook its game. The ferret was held in such a manner as to inflict no vital injury. Its head being entirely at liberty, it had torn and lacerated its captor in a terrible manner, and at last killed it.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

MOTHER: "I think our John is courting some girls." Father: "Hey? Is he beginning to have vaseline on his hair?" Mother: "No; he is beginning to have it on his shirt bosoms.

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

Write for instructions and advice.

JOHN WEDDERBURN,
618 F Street,
P. O. Box 886. Washington, D. C.

Our Young Folks.

ALONE IN THE WATER CAVERNS.

BY E. M. W.

"NOW, father, tell us the story about your adventures in the caverns in France," said Lily. "We have been good all day."

"Very well," replied father; "sit still and listen. It happened not long ago, when I was in the Dordogne—you will find it in your map in the south-west of France. There are mines and quarries in the district, but the most curious things of all are the water caverns.

"One day your uncle said, 'Let us go down into these pits and explore them to the end.' But we could not at first get anyone to go with us. The entrance is like the opening of a mine, a great wide gulf in the field, partly shaded by bushes, and dangerous to look into; for unless you are very careful you may topple over, and then you would be killed.

"But we got a rope ladder, and had it fixed, and your uncle went down safely. I came next, and I assure you I did not at all like the descent. I was held up by a rope to steady and support me as I went down the ladder, but it was unpleasant. The descent occupied eight minutes. It was curious to look up and see the small patch of blue sky above the mouth of the well, as we may term it. The sides are rocky and straight in places; in places rough and rugged, and cave in.

"Suddenly your uncle said, 'Frank, have you any candles?'

"'No,' I said. 'Gustave will bring them, for we shall want the boats; here is a river.'

"'I will go up again,' he said; 'you can remain here a while by yourself.'

"I did not like being left alone in the great cavern. It was not pleasant, though there was plenty of light. I had matches in my pocket, and a small taper in a case, with which I used to read in the railway carriages in the evening. But when your uncle left me alone I thought I would explore a little, so I went in.

"However, I had not gone far when I found a number of dead bodies of animals. Poor things! many of them had fallen over the edge of the pit and had been killed: cattle, and horses, and sheep, I supposed, but they were nearly skeletons, and very unpleasant. So I hurried on, without thinking, into a corridor or gallery of rock, rather dark at the end, and turning sideways. Where did this lead to? I wondered. What fun if I could find out the end of the cavern before your uncle came with his men and the canoes!

"My taper was in my pocket. It was only a little wax pencil, so to speak, but it would do for a while. So I lighted it very carefully, and turned, stooping, into the passage, until I reached another gallery which curved like the letter S."

"Were you not frightened, father? I should have been; wouldn't you, Percy?"

"Yes, indeed!" replied Percy. "Go on, papa."

"I did go on," continued father, "and turned into the side passage, where I found a little lake, from which a stream flowed away in the side opposite to the side by which I had come.

"Now this was very curious, and I went on until I found that the river entirely disappeared underground. It fell into some rocky cavern, and ran off by itself. This was unkind of it, wasn't it? It wouldn't let me go with it, but I thought I might find it again, so went back very carefully, until I reached the passage from which I had turned off; and by following it on I found that I could descend into another cavern. I thought I could hear the rushing of water.

"I went to the edge of the hole, lighted a match, and threw it down. It went out as it fell, so I tied two matches together, and sent them blazing into the pit. They fell on some stones, and continued to burn; then, with my taper, I saw that I could get down a little way and jump. I knew my way back, and, without thinking much, your silly father scrambled down, leaped a few feet, fell on the shingle, and lost his taper, which fell on the wet stones, and went out with a loud hiss."

"Oh, father! what did you do?" exclaimed Percy.

"I couldn't do anything for a few minutes," continued his father, "because I was rather shaken a little bruised. But when at last I rose I did not know which way to turn. Fortunately, I had plenty of matches—wax matches — which would burn for some time, and I hoped to make my way up again. However, when I tried to climb up I found it impossible to scale the rock.

"Then I began to feel alarmed. My friends, your uncle, and others would not think of coming down this particular cavern, perhaps. They might find another way, and would, I fancied, never come near me. I was frightened then, I can tell you. It was no joke to be left all alone underground beside a stream in a cavern which might be filled with water at times after rain. But after a while I made up my mind to follow the water, which must go out somewhere, I said. So I went on.

"Lighting a match, I threw a piece of paper into the water, and found that the stream ran very, very gently on. So I took off my boots and socks, hung my boots round my neck by the laces, put my socks in my pocket, and began my journey on the shingle, which hurt my feet. I could hardly see where I was going: I went on with extended arms, holding a lighted match, and, to my delight, caught a glimpse of my taper, which had rolled or bumped in its case only to the edge of the water. This was a splendid discovery, but it would not light for a long while. At last it did light, and I went on better: first into an immense cavern, like a cathedral of great extent. Then I managed to squeeze through a narrow passage, after wading up to my waist in the quiet stream. I passed little breakwaters, formed by the drippings from the roof. Great stalactites hung down, and points of spear-like stalagmites were sticking up from the stones. I could only guess at the size of the caves; but I went on over the ledges, wading and clambering, till I suddenly found myself at the end, after passing a low rocky cavern with a square opening.

"When I reached the last lake—as it proved—I was nearly drowned. It was deep, but I can swim; so pocketing my taper, my matches and all, I struck out for life, and fortunately landed in a small dry cave—the river had disappeared somehow—and I did not try to find it, you may be sure.

"There I sat in the darkness alone: hungry, wet through, in terrible danger. I could go no farther, and in the circumstances it was impossible to go back. My matches were damp, my taper was lost; and unless my brother should come after me with lights and assistance, I knew that I must die there. I thought of you all: of mother, and of my little Lily and Percy and Roland. What would become of them? They would never see me again! I became very sorrowful, and prayed to get help—but still all was pitch-dark, and the water seemed to be rising.

"How long I remained there, or whether I was asleep or awake all the time, I really cannot tell you. But after what seemed hours to me, as I was gazing into the blackness in front of me, I fancied that I saw a star. Night had come then. The cavern is open somewhere, I thought, and I might be found. But as I was watching the star it seemed to become larger; another and another came in sight, burning brightly, and then more brightly, until after many flittings up and down, they all became steady, and I heard a shout.

"It was most delightful. I did not mind the darkness, the cold, in the curious echoes all around me. I cried out in return, and then three boats came through the square tunnel with lamps burning, and soon found me in the cave. You can imagine how delighted your uncle and his friends were; how they shook my hands, and embraced me, and scolded me, all at once. But we did not delay. The boats put off again, and had to be lifted over the bars in the caverns. Gustave had plenty of magnesium wire, which he lighted, and, with the lanterns, this gave us plenty of light. I was surprised to see how well I had come, and what dangers I had escaped alone. We came out all safely, and had a good supper, but I shall never forget the adventure nor the impressions I received. It was a terrible experience, and although the caves are very grand, and the mysterious river underground is very curious, I do not want to go into the Gulf of Padvlac again. Now, there is my story, and you can look at the pictures of the place if you like."

A DOG STORY FROM JAPAN.—An English sportsman, out for a few days' shooting in the interior of Japan, amused the natives upon the evenings of his arrival by putting his well-trained spaniel through a series of clever tricks. The Jap name for dog is "Come here," probably because that is just what the native curs won't do when so bidden. Japanese dogs are a degenerate race, unfit for the purposes for which other dogs are used, and uncontrolled by their masters. Their home is in the streets and fields. The Japanese, therefore, look with wonder upon the docile canine companions foreigners bring to their country. The performance of the Englishman's dog amazed the unsophisticated Japs. This was shown when the guest retired to his room for the night. There was his bed duly made on the floor, Japanese fashion, with the wooden box-pillow at the head. But beside it was another very diminutive couch. The Englishman could not make out what the second little bed meant. He called the host. The latter explained matters at once. The second bed was for "the wise little foreign 'Come here.'"

BUT HE WENT AFTER ALL.—There is a policeman in a certain northern town, a good-natured Irishman of some six feet four. A few months ago this jovial giant was desirous of attending a race meeting which was taking place at a town a few miles distant, and being on night duty, he saw nothing to prevent him having his wish, until the night before the date of the meeting.

But on this particular evening, when going his rounds, he chanced across the body of a woman, hopelessly intoxicated, lying on the footpath. Here was a dilemma. If he took her into custody, what of his chance of attending the races to-morrow, for it would be necessary to appear in court? On the other hand, it was manifestly impossible to leave her there; and after a few moments' cogitation, he picked her gently up, and carried her to the beat of a comrade, where he deposited her, to be found by someone else.

He congratulated himself upon having got out of his difficulty very neatly, until, returning over the same spot on his next round, he was surprised to find her lying there as before. This was strange; and wondering to himself how she had managed to walk, in her helpless condition, he took her up again and replaced on his comrade's beat.

His surprise may be imagined, when he returned an hour later, to find her lying again on the identical spot from which he had first carried her; but, determined to solve the mystery, he took her to the place to which he had previously taken her, and concealing himself in an adjacent doorway awaited the progress of events.

Presently the stillness was broken by the sound of approaching footsteps, and his fellow-constable hove in sight.

A puzzled look overspread the latter's face at the sight of the woman, but after a few seconds he quietly lifted her on his shoulder, and was walking away, when his fellow-watchman emerged from the doorway, and an explanation ensued, which resulted in their unwelcome charge being deposited on the territory of a new beginner.

Next day the son of the Emerald Isle was confronted with a fresh difficulty to prevent his little holiday. He is blessed (or the reverse) with a wife who likes to have a little say in the direction of his movements, and she insisted that a visit to the races would only result in her lord and master returning home penniless and probably intoxicated. In vain he assured her that such would not be the case. She absolutely refused to listen to him, and announced her intention of accompanying him if he went.

This did not suit his plans, and despairing at last of setting her mind at rest, he lost his temper. Taking her up in his arms, as if she had been a baby, he placed the hem of her skirts between the rollers of a mangling machine, which stood in the kitchen, and turned the handle until she was wound close up to the machine and perfectly helpless. Then taking the handle off, and gagging the cog-wheels, he hurried off to catch his train.

Her shouts soon attracted the neighbors, and after a while she was liberated, but too late to catch her better half, who was by this time describing to his companions the ludicrous position in which he had left his wife.

EXCHANGE IN AFRICA.—The wife of an African missionary gives some amusing details of the mercantile value of certain articles among the natives, needles and cloth ranking highest. They are absolutely current coins. Three needles will purchase one chicken, one needle two eggs. Old tin and empty bottles are also much in request, old cans taking the place of drinking cups. A fowl can be had for two yards of cotton or a small piece of cloth.

NOTHING more distinctly marks the really frivolous person than the anxiety to escape from intelligent intercourse.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Photographs have been taken 500 feet under water.

It is said to be a sign of rain when ants are unusually busy.

It is claimed that at present the English language is spoken by 118,000,000 people.

The Paris Prefect of Police has mounted a corps of suburban policemen upon bicycles.

New York restaurateurs have experienced more failures of late than at any other time since 1873.

The King of the Belgians and the Queen of Italy are two of the latest converts to the bicycle craze.

Emperor William doesn't get a cent of salary for acting as Emperor of Germany, but as King of Prussia he draws a handsome one.

Emperor William has a new carriage which is lighted inside and outside by electricity. The horses also bear small lamps on their harness.

The "Gloria in Excelsis," the well-known hymn sung by the angels to the shepherds at our Lord's Nativity, was the earliest Christmas carol.

The adage that lightning never strikes twice in the same place is not believed by Mr. Oden, of Anningham, Missouri. His place has been struck four times in the past few years.

An Ashland, Wis., photographer has been arrested for the novel offense of stealing electricity. By means of an ingenious arrangement he is said to have tapped the wires for his own electric lights.

A new Chinese daily, the name of which means "the uninterrupted roar of the fiery trumpet of the God of War," is published in New York City. Yung Kwai, a Yale graduate, is the editor.

King William, a 5-year-old Normandy horse that died in Chicago recently, was a giant of his race. He stood 23 hands and one inch high, weighed 3017 pounds, and had a stride of 21 feet and 6 inches.

The Rio Verde Canal Company hopes to make the 400,000 acres of the great American Desert, in Maricopa county, Arizona, blossom like a rose. It has awarded a $3,000,000 contract for irrigation to a Minneapolis firm.

After serving five years of an 18 years' sentence, George Lorber has been released from the Maryland Penitentiary. Since his imprisonment is has transpired that he was entirely innocent of the crime he was charged with.

Prof. Asa Gray says that the Washington elm, at Cambridge, has been estimated to produce 7,000,000 leaves, which would make a surface radiation of about five acres in extent, and give out every fair day in the growing season 7¾ tons of moisture.

A peculiar kind of small satchel, said to be known as the growler grip, has been put on sale. It is about the size of the ordinary small traveling bag. Up to the latches the interior is nothing more or less than a can of either china or tin, which will hold about two quarts.

A romantic wedding was solemnized at Augusta, Ga., recently. Charles C. Young and Ann M. Packard, who were divorced 28 years ago, were the contracting parties, they being reunited at their daughter's home, she never having seen her father until a few days before the ceremony.

Alexander Hamilton, who died in Grand Rapids, Mich., recently, was a slave who escaped to the Union line in '62, and became the valet of a Michigan officer, by whose aid he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He built up an excellent practice among his own people in Grand Rapids.

It takes not less than 3000 red cedar trees to supply wood for the pencil manufacturers of this country. Alabama was once the great cedar pencil producing State, but its cedar is exhausted. Manufacturers have tested other kinds of wood with a view to finding a substitute for cedar, but so far without success.

Parrots have been put to a practical use in Germany. They have been introduced into railway stations and trained to call out the name while the train stands there, and thus save passengers the trouble of making inquiries. A bird at Bona spoke with such a strong French accent that the station master strangled it.

A Newark, N. J., dog appeared to imbibe a deep hatred of trolley cars after one had run down and killed a man in that place a few weeks ago. Any person getting off a car was received with every demonstration of delight by the animal, but all who stepped on board were growled at in anger. A day or two ago the dog, while running in front of a car and barking at it, was run down and killed.

E. A. Williams, a watchmaker of New York city, recently accomplished a remarkable mechanical feat—that of drilling a hole through the entire length of a common pin, from head to point, the opening being just large enough to admit of the passage of a fine hair. Two years ago he cut a sewing needle in two lengthwise, and then drilled holes and fastened it together so nicely that the split could not be seen with the naked eye.

EVEN-TIME.

BY W. W. LONG.

Together we roamed at even time,
When the sky in the west was clear;
And birds sang soft their twilight song,
And life seemed all so fair.
Sweet was the even-time.

Out we went through fields of wheat,
At the even-time of day;
Down where the blue-bell blossoms bloomed
Where cool, dark shadows play.
Sweet was the even-time.

The wheat is stacked in the harvest-fields,
I walk the stubble-path alone;
Night is coming, dark and chill,
Winds thro' the pine trees sadly moan.
Sad is the even-time.

OF GOOD LUCK.

The story, recently reported in the papers, of a domestic servant at Blackburn, England, who has come into an unexpected fortune of some $400,000 calls to mind other interesting instances of similar good luck.

Some few years back a stage-coach driver at Leeds was informed that an unknown donor had left him a snug little fortune.

The driver had been in the habit of frequenting a certain modest inn of an evening, where he used often to meet a funny little old gentleman, who, in return for the driver's kindness in seeing him home, used often to promise that he "would remember him some day."

The driver thought nothing of the matter, but the old fellow was as good as his word, and duly willed his chance acquaintance some $35,000.

On the outskirts of Vienna there lived till his death, early in 1889, a blind beggar of the name of Fritz. In the same house there lodged a young man who earned a scanty livelihood as assistant to a coppersmith.

One day, crossing a crowded street, the blind man was knocked down by a passing vehicle, and the young man happening to witness the accident, carried him home in his arms. A friendship sprang up between them and continued till the blind man died, when by his will it appeared that he had left his bed to the coppersmith.

As it was a better one than his own, the young man slept for some two or three months upon it, when curiosity led him to cut it open, with the result that bank-notes to the value of over $2000 were revealed secreted inside.

Curious it is to note how rapidly persons hitherto unknown spring into popular favor directly it becomes noised abroad that they have inherited wealth.

In the autumn of 1888, a printer of Versailles was informed that he had inherited a fortune of twenty-five millions of francs. From that moment the printing office wherein he worked was inundated with letters from all parts of the world. Amongst others the lucky compositor received 230 letters from patentees, and twenty-seven from poets, thirty epistles from company promoters, and 800 from ladies, including offers of marriage innumerable.

One of these fair ones even went so far as to address her envelope "To M. So-and-so, of Versailles, the Impersonation of Virtue Rewarded."

Here is another true romance of unexpected wealth.

Many years ago the Abbe Martin, parish priest of Andes, in the department of the Allier, was accosted outside his church by a wretched-looking man clothed in rags, who declared that he belonged to a rich and noble family, which he had utterly disgraced by being sent to penal servitude for some unmentioned crime.

He begged of the Abbe to get him into a monastery, so that he might escape from the world and live and die in peace, unrecognized and unknown.

The kindly Abbe took pity upon him and eventually secured his admission into a Spanish monastery, and hearing no more of him, forgot all about the matter.

Some three or four years afterwards, however, he was surprised to receive a letter intimating that he had been appointed universal legatee and executor of this very man, whose property in France alone was worth some millions of francs, and ever since the Abbe has enjoyed an income of $12,000 a year derived from this source.

Of stories of wealth suddenly accumulated during the Australian gold craze there are already enough and to spare, but here is one well worth repeating.

A scapegrace named Burton, having emigrated to "the fields," settling on a site rich in ore, speedily "made a pile," and after a few months of hard work adjourned to Melbourne for a holiday.

Having picked up a valuable and spirited horse on the road, arrived in the town he secured a dog-cart and, well primed with whisky, amused himself by driving about the more fashionable parts, till the animal, terrified by the eccentricities of the man who held the reins, took fright and bolted.

Sobered by the horse's mad rush, the miner sat immovable in the vehicle, expecting every minute to be dashed to pieces, when a street loafer named McCormick rushed into the roadway and, at the risk of his life, stopped the maddened horse.

From this incident a friendship sprang up between the two men, and when Burton, his money spent, returned to the diggings he took the loafer with him as his servant.

A new "lot" was purchased, and the miner again commenced operations, but, through giving way to habits of intemperance, made but little headway with a plot that promised to "pan out" better than ever.

His servant, McCormick, thereupon offered to do the work for him, in consideration of which Burton was to will the "claim" to him in the event of his death.

On the very night of his signing the will, Burton in a drunken frolic, brandishing his revolver, lodged a bullet in his own lungs, from which he died before morning, and the Melbourne street-loafer inherited a "claim" that brought him in an ample fortune within a year of his entering into possession.

"Well, Harris, did you call on Maud's father?" "I did." "How did you come out?" "I've been trying to remember. It was all so sudden. I don't know whether it was by the window or down the stairs."

Grains of Gold.

A mother is a mother still—the holiest thing alive.

People who hunt for faults seldom find anything else.

Slander not others because they have slandered you.

The power of pleasing is founded on the wish to please.

Society is what people are when they know they are watched.

The only true riches are those that death cannot take from us.

Some people stop praying the minute they put their hands on money.

After all, the main thing we do in this life is to wish it was to-morrow.

A man's manners are a mirror, in which he shows his likeness to the intelligent observer.

The heart is rejuvenated by well-doing, memory by exercise, and life by remembrances.

Modesty and the dew love the shade. Each shines in the open day only to be exhaled to heaven.

One reason why some people never do much good, is because they are not willing to do a little at a time.

Moderation is the insensible companion of wisdom, but with genius has not even a nodding acquaintance.

Stern duties need not speak sternly. He who stood firm before the thunder worshipped "the still, small voice."

Now abideth Faith, Hope, Love, these three. But the greatest of these is Love; for Love is the seraph, and Faith and Hope are but the wings by which it flies.

Femininities.

Every one's sweetheart sometimes gets up in arms against him.

A dairy school for women has been established in Minnesota.

Lotus Power, of Howard county, Ark., is 15 years old and is said to weigh 383 pounds.

St. Joseph, Missouri, lays claim to a young woman embalmer in the person of Miss Grace Dolan.

When the sun shines on you, you see your friends. It requires sunshine to be seen by them to advantage.

A portrait of Emily Bronte, the only one known, has recently been discovered. It will soon be engraved for publication.

Weehawken, N. J., ballet girls have organized a trades-union. They should be able to make a successful kick for wages.

Mrs. Hannah Chard, of Glassboro, N. J., celebrated her 105th birthday a short time ago. She is active and has 150 grandchildren.

Scads: "You say he left no money?"
Bagg: "No. You see, he lost his health getting wealthy, and then lost his wealth trying to get healthy."

There are women who sometimes think on Sunday that they have religion, but when the clothes line breaks down on Monday they find out that they haven't.

Two colored women at Sedalia, Mo., run a farm themselves, and when ploughing time comes, in lieu of using a horse, one woman draws the plow while the other guides it.

The Princess Maud of Wales is said to be known in her own family circle almost exclusively as "Harry"—she is so playful and sportsmanlike. But she is also an excellent cook and gardener.

A clever New York woman remarked the other day: "I notice that well-bred people now do not talk about the world, the flesh and the devil; they speak of environment, heredity and circumstances."

Jayamith: "I'm going to sue the Howler for libel. It called me a thief."
Jagg: "But papers are allowed to print the news, you know."
"But that isn't news."
"True enough. Everybody knows it now."

Mrs. Litehcart: My husband gave me some money this morning.
Mrs. Spendit: And are you going shopping to-day?
Mrs. L.: No, indeed; no shopping for me to-day. I'm going down town to buy something.

Female emancipator: With all our work, the cause of woman does not progress. Why is it?
Male philosopher: The trouble is that the pretty girls spend all their time trying to be brainy, and the brainy girls spend all their time trying to look pretty.

Elvina and Elmira Fife, twin sisters, who will soon celebrate their 83d birthday, in Peterboro, N. H., have never ridden on a railroad train and declare they never will. At the age of 14 years they entered the employ of a local manufacturer, on whose pay-roll they remained for 60 years.

Rich widow: I can't keep a servant girl in the house. I have sent away six or seven already. They all fall in love with my handsome coachman.
Gentleman friend: Then why don't you send the coachman away?
A painful but significant silence ensued.

France has an Anti-tobacco League, and the President of the affair has cordially endorsed the elevation of M. Casimir-Perier to the Chief Magistracy of the Republic because the latter is not a smoker. He does occasionally, it is said, dip his hand into a cigarette box, but after a whiff or two he throws it away.

One of the best known figures in Paris is Mme. Yoer, who, upon the death of her husband, a reporter for the French press, took up his work, and has conducted it with marked ability. In her rounds she is accompanied by a great white poodle called "The Doctor," who permits no one to trifle with his mistress.

Confirmed bachelor: "How time does fly, Miss Seaside! Why, it was ten years ago that you refused me on this spot!"
Miss Seaside, who wishes she hadn't: "So long ago as that? I was young and foolish then, Mr. Smith."
C. B.: "But we are both older and wiser now, Miss Seaside."

"That's a deuced pretty girl you have in the kitchen. Call her in and say something to her," says Mr. Wiggles, who has just returned home from a journey.
"Mollie," said Mrs. Wiggles, with rapidly formed resolution, "come in here a moment. Your month is up to-morrow. As I am going to get a new cook, I will give you two weeks' wages and you can go at once."

Even the clearest and most perfect circumstantial evidence is likely to be at fault, after all, and therefore ought to be received with great caution. Take the case of any pencil, sharpened by any woman; if you have witnesses, you will find she did it with a knife; but if you take simply the aspect of the pencil, you will say she did it with her teeth.

Masculinities.

The Comte de Paris is critically ill.

Secretary Gresham on some days smokes 20 cigars.

Sugar as a food is said to be a promoter of muscular power.

An agitation against the use of engagement rings has been started in Boston.

The worst pit of misfortune into which a man can fall is the one he digs himself.

A farmer of Conway, Ky., 78 years old, was recently married to a 13-year-old girl of the same place.

A sign over a bird and animal store in San Francisco reads: Talking parrots, monkeys and dogs.

In order to be called good fellows some folks are the meanest kind of ones to those who love them best.

A Kansas editor, in making a plea for better pavements, says that even cats and dogs have sprained ankles in that town.

A French statistician says that the number of men and women in France is more nearly equal than in any other country of the world.

A mother's idea of as good luck as any one can ask for is to occasionally find a pair of stockings in the pile that don't need darning.

It is one of the strange things of human nature that a man will walk three blocks out of his way to look at a thermometer, and then curse the weather.

"Really, you have the most beautiful natural complexion I ever saw in my life!" The thoughtless girl, with surprise: "Why, you have never seen it!"

One of the three dozen shirts possessed by Napoleon at St. Helena, and divided at his death among his companions, has been sold by auction for 150 francs.

The reading of romances is forbidden by the Koran; hence popular tales are never put in writing among Mohammedans, but are passed from one story teller to another.

In Austrian society it is the custom to take a partner for only one round of a dance. By this means ladies and gentlemen change partners five or six times in a single dance.

Hugh Frail, aged 101, who was in the hands of the police for getting high on the Bowery, a short time ago, was arrested the other night in Rondout, N. Y., for a similar elevation.

Lady of the house: "Have you good references?"
Bridget: "Riferinces, is it? Oi have that, and from hundreds of mistresses Oi have lived with the last six months."

A New York syndicate has been organized for the purpose of buying an island off the coast of Maine. The new company proposes to stock its farm with black foxes and engage in the fur trade.

W. Y. Atkinson, Democratic candidate for Governor of Georgia, is known as the "Wagon Boy of Coweta" because he earned his school expenses by hauling wood for the people of Coweta, his native village.

Miss Ida Platt is the first colored woman to be admitted to the bar in Illinois, or, indeed, of any State. She was recently graduated from the Chicago Law School, where she made an exceptionally bright record.

Sir Robert Ball, the eminent English astronomer, in a recent lecture in Leeds declared that the planet Mars is inhabited. It was, he said, impossible for men to live there, but creatures of some sort exist on that distant world.

Judge Eli Ayleworth, who died the other day in Providence, R. I., after a banking career of a half century, kept in a little box in the bank in which he was President the four silver dollars that he first earned, and which he got by hoeing potatoes and pitching hay.

A Chicago paper prints the following as "live news": "Galway O'Rourke, candidate for Congress in the Second District, has the finest bull terrier pup in Cook county and other equally conspicuous claims to political preferment."

Stamp collecting adds considerable revenue to the various colonies. The republic of Liberia depends largely on receipts from postage stamps, which it has beautifully engraved in London, mostly for selling to collectors. For every stamp used in the Cook Islands, probably a couple of hundred are sold abroad.

A man in New York recently made violent love to another man's wife, and begged her to elope with him. She repulsed his advances, and, as he renewed his suit, had him arrested. A few hours later a man, who turned out to be the woman's husband, appeared at the station house with a quantity of edibles for the prisoner. He said, in explanation, that his wife was so beautiful he could not blame any man for falling in love with her, and he brought the food to the prisoner to console him in his sorrow in not having the luck to have such a lovely and virtuous woman for a wife.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Tailor-made dresses are the fashion, but they are smartened up as much as possible. A charming example was a brown coat, with a deep basque and straight lines of braiding, secured with a button at one end, like the highwayman's coat of long ago. Beneath this was a long brocaded waistcoat, in a pretty kind of silk with chine flowers. It was very picturesque. A boating dress in serge had been made with wide revers and a sailor collar, and a full skirt braided with white and surmounted by a curled braiding of gold. This went round the hem of the skirt, the sailor collar and the short Zouave. Another novelty was a raised braiding in horizontal lines introduced across a short bodice. It had double revers and a sailor collar; all was trimmed with the braid. For the open coats there are some pretty fronts, doubly puffed horizontally, and made in linen, which washes easily. Some of these are striped in green and mauve or pink and blue or pink and white. A serge out-door coat, with white moire revers and a shaped collar, had been adorned throughout with a handsome braid in gold, black and silver. Country jackets, lined with silk, are well cut, and display becoming collars.

Shirt waists are made either in white or the most delicate tinted batiste. There was one in light primrose, with a frill in front, the collar turned down and edged with lace and fine embroidery, matching the turned-back cuffs; a pretty little tie of the material at the throat. A white one was made with tucks, like a gentleman's shirt of thirty years ago. There was a pink batiste equally charming, and a sleeveless chemisette, with a large sailor collar, edged with lace, and intended to be worn outside the jacket, as is the fashion now.

The dressmakers are busily making delightful coats and skirts of colored linen, drill and tweed. The skirts are remarkably well cut, and have a neat stitched waistband, which is deep and keeps the blouse well in order. The coat is made after a peculiar pattern, longer in front than at the back, after the new peplum style, with a concealed inner band, which renders it perfectly fitting, double revers formed by a deft folding, and a miniature sailor's collar. The whole costume is finished off with rows of neat fancy stitching of novel pattern. There is a new French material, with diagonal lines on a shot ground, with a silky surface, which looks extremely well made up in coat and skirt. A new cloak, which can be worn by day or night, looks smart for traveling. It is long, princess shaped at the back, but loose in front, buttoning to one side, with full sleeves, which can be easily slipped off and on, hidden by the deep straight pieces which fall over them and form a cape; a yoke of silk, and over the shoulders three plain little capes. This most graceful mantle looks well in almost all materials, and has a few finishing touches which are adapted individually to the wearer.

For afternoon wear at garden parties and other fetes young women wear Leghorn hats trimmed with chiffon, taffeta ribbon bows and ostrich tips. Pink chiffon loosely twisted around the crown and knotted on the right side, with a Prince of Wales group of black tips on the left side, makes a charming trimming easily arranged by the amateur milliner. A front bow of chiffon is simple and effective if made large, light and soft looking. It should have the loops very far apart, with the folds between holding a buckle of cut steel instead of being closely strapped. The ribbon bow of taffeta is usually posed on the left side, and consists of three large stiff loops and two standing ends, all tied in one strap, and all pointing in different direction.s

Imported Leghorn hats have a space of three or four inches of the brim cut out across the back, and are worn far back on the head. This leaves a flaring brim in front, which requires an inside trimming of flowers, or a twist of ribbon resting on the hair. Seven or eight plumes, black, pink or yellow, are then mounted on the crown, and the whole effect is that of the picturesque empire bonnet. Other imported hats of Leghorn have the brim covered with applique lace gathered next the crown, the scalloped edge falling just over the brim. A single large bow of pink satin ribbon is in front of the crown, while aubergine roses of satin and velvet petals are posed around the crown and drooping in the back.

Back hats are of Leghorn straw dyed a dull black, or else they are of chip or the very light Neapolitan braids. The bluet-blue velvet poppies trim black hats tastefully when massed on the left side amid a torsade of tulle of the same hue. White and black trimmings on black hats are commended for elderly ladies. Thus there are choux of white mull on the side, while across the back is a large low bow of white and black ribbon in alternate stripes of gros grain and satin. If a bit of color is desired a bunch of cherries is added, or some glowing red poppies, or else the dark aubergine roses that are again in great favor. White violets in clusters beside other bunches of black violets are also used on these shade hats. Black Liberty satin makes a more serviceable trimming than mull or tulle, when arranged in torsades and rosettes, and will be worn late in the season.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Scotch Shortcake.—Three-fourths of a pound of rice flour, half a pound of butter, one-fourth of a pound of sugar, a pinch of salt. Roll out and cut into forms and bake on buttered paper; while hot sprinkle with sugar.

Bread Flapjacks.—Take a pint of stale bread crumbs and pour over them a pint of hot milk in which a tablespoonful of butter has been melted. Soak over night. In the morning strain through a colander and add two eggs, one cup of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a little cold milk, if necessary.

Little Neck Clam Soup.—Put one quart of fresh milk in a double boiler with a small onion and a few thin slices of carrot. Heat to the boiling point, then remove the onion and carrot, add one heaping tablespoonful of cornstarch wet in a little cold milk, a heaping tablespoonful of butter, a dash of cayenne and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Chop 25 little-neck clams very fine and heat to a boiling point in their own liquor. Skim carefully. When ready to serve add the clams and liquor to the soup and serve at once.

Milk Biscuit.—Put one quart of sifted flour into a bowl, add to it a heaping tablespoonful of butter or lard; rub well together with the hands until the flour is thoroughly greased; add two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoonful of salt, and sufficient milk to make a soft dough (about half a pint); mix and knead quickly. Roll out about half an inch thick, cut with a small round cutter, place two inches apart in greased pans and bake in a quick oven 15 or 20 minutes. These biscuits should be a delicate brown top and bottom, light on the sides and snowy white when broken open.

Aunt Mary's Pudding.—Pour over a pint of grated bread a pint and a half of warm milk. Stir it well together and then add half a pint of cream, the grated peel of one lemon, three ounces of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg and the yolks of five or six eggs, well beaten. Mix all together thoroughly, pour into a dish and bake carefully. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add three ounces of powdered sugar, and the juice of the lemon and stir well. When the pudding is baked, put a layer of apricot preserve over the top, pile the whisked whites over it and put it in the oven to brown lightly.

Potatoes in Cases.—Nine large, smooth potatoes, one heaping tablespoonful of fresh butter, one cupful of boiling cream, the whites of two eggs and a little salt. Wash the potatoes thoroughly, being careful not to break the skin. Bake forty-five minutes. Take the potatoes from the oven, and with a sharp knife cut a small piece from the top of each. Scoop out the inside with a spoon, and put it into a hot bowl. Mash it light and fine, add the salt, butter and cream, and mix well, then stir in quickly the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Return the mixture with a spoon to the skins, allowing it to protrude about an inch above the skins. When the skins are full roughen the potato which protrudes with a fork. Put them into the oven a few minutes to brown the tops lightly. Great care must be taken not to break the skins.

Blackberry Brandy.—One quart brandy, two quarts blackberry juice, two pounds white sugar, one ounce each powdered cinnamon and nutmeg, one-half ounce each powdered allspice and cloves. Boil the juice and brandy and the spices (these tied up in thin muslin bags) for 15 minutes. Take from the fire, add the brandy, and, when cold, strain, bottle and seal.

Mint Sauce.—Four dessert spoonfuls of chopped mint, two of granulated sugar, one-fourth of a pint of vinegar. Wash the mint, which should be young, freshly gathered and free from grit. Pick the leaves from the stalks, mince them very fine and put them in a gravy boat, add the sugar and vinegar and stir until the sugar is dissolved. This sauce is much better prepared several hours before using.

When milk is used in tumblers wash them first in cold water, afterwards rinse in hot water.

For nausea scorch some rice, pour boiling water over it and drink as hot as possible.

Repeated applications of alcohol will remove grass stains from any white material.

THE WEAVER BIRD.—The Baya is frequently taken when young, tamed, and taught to pick up rings or such like articles dropped down a well; or to snatch the tiger-work off the forehead of a person pointed out. It is also taught occasionally to carry a note to a particular place on a given signal. Mr. Blyth, in an unpublished paper, has the following interesting account of some of this bird's performances:

"The truth is that the feats performed by trained Bayas are really very wonderful, and must be witnessed to be fully credited. Exhibitors carry them about, we believe, to all parts of the country; and the usual procedure is, when ladies are present, for the bird, on a sign from its master, to take a sweetmeat in its bill, and deposit it between a lady's lips, and repeat this offering to every lady present, the bird following the look and gesture of its master. A miniature cannon is then brought, which the bird loads with coarse grains of powder one by one, or more commonly with small balls of powder made up for the purpose; it next seizes and skilfully uses a small ramrod, and then takes a lighted match from its master, which it applies to the touch-hole.

All this we have personally witnessed, in common with most who have resided in or even visited India; and we have seen the little bird apply the match five or six times successively before the powder ignited, which it finally did with a report loud enough to alarm all the crows in the neighborhood, while the little Baya remained perched on the gun, apparently quite elated with its performance."

Captain Tytler mentions also "the twirling of a stick with a ball of fire at each end. This the bird turns in several ways round its head, making luminous circlets in imitation of a native practice; the stick being held by the beak in the middle!"

It is further asserted that "in an ordinary cage or aviary they will employ themselves constantly, if allowed the chance, in intertwining thread of fibres with the wires of their prison, merely gratifying the constructive propensity, with apparently no further object, unless, indeed, the sexes are matched, when they breed very rapidly in captivity; of course provided they are allowed sufficient room, as in a spacious aviary."

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.—Cromwell was thinking of marrying his daughter Frances to a wealthy gentleman of Gloucestershire, when he was led to believe that one of his own chaplains, Mr. Jeremy White, a young man of pleasing manners, was secretly paying his addresses to Lady Frances, who was far from discouraging his attentions. Entering his daughter's room one day, the protector caught White on his knees, kissing the lady's hand. "What is the meaning of this?" Cromwell demanded. "May it please your highness," replied White, with great presence of mind, pointing to one of the lady's maids who happened to be in the room, "I have long courted that young gentlewoman and cannot prevail; I was, therefore, praying her ladyship to intercede for me." "Why do you refuse the honor Mr. White would do you?" said Cromwell to the young woman. "He is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such." "If Mr. White intends me that honor," answered the woman, with a very low courtesy, "I shall not be against him." "Sayest thou so, my lass?" said Cromwell; "call Goodwin—this business shall be done before I go out of the room." Goodwin, the chaplain, arrived, and White was married on the spot to the young woman.

CAUGHT.—The good old minister of a rather out-of-the-way parish on the borders of Wales is no great stickler for any form of etiquette, and particularly wishes that his visits to the members of his flock shall be as homely and informal as possible; but the reverend gentleman has the utmost regard for truth, and is invariably severe with all whom he detects in any deviation therefrom.

Quite recently he called unexpectedly on a widow who lives in a cottage on the outskirts of the village, and surprised her in the midst of washing a lot of clothes. She hurriedly hid behind a clothes horse, and instructed her little boy to say that she was out. The youngster opened the door to the visitor's knock.

"Well, Johnny," said the parson, "and where's your mother?"

"Mother's not in, sir; please, she's gone down the street on a message," replied the lad with unquestionable promptness.

"Indeed!" replied the clergyman, with a glance at the bottom of the screen. "Well, tell her I called; and say that the next time she goes down the street it will be much better that she should take her feet with her."

A MINISTER in the West, it is said, was at a small party one evening. After several games had been played, an old dame asked him if he would say "Yes" to every question put to him. "I will," he replied. Then and there the young ladies of the party commenced to try to "corner" him, but they were unsuccessful. At last one of them, bolder than the rest, fell on her knees before him, and said, "Will you marry me?" "Oh, yes! But where is the bridegroom?" was the answer.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds,
Coughs,
Sore Throat,
Hoarseness,
Stiff Neck,
Bronchitis,
Catarrh,
Headache,
Toothache,
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, Asthma,
Bruises, Sprains,

Quicker Than Any Known Rdy, eme

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with diseases may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will Afford Instant Ease.

It was the first and is the only Pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and

CURES

Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

This is to certify that in February, 1890, I had a severe attack of "La Grippe" and cured myself in twenty-four hours by the use of Radway's Ready Relief and Radway's Pills. I had another attack of the same dreadful disease in March, 1891, and used the same remedy with the same result. I do not know Radway & Co., the parties who manufacture these medicines, and I have always put very little faith in "Almanac Certificates," but if these few lines will only induce some suffering one to use the above remedy I will feel amply repaid for writing what I have. Respectfully,

E. L. BROWN.

J. W. BREWER, Ashburn, Pike Co., Mo.—"One bottle of Ready Relief and one box of Radway's Pills cured five in my family of that terrible complaint, 'La Grippe,' or Influenza."

W. THISTLE, Lowestoft, Suffolk, England—"I thank God and you for your Ready Relief and Pills, which have cured me completely of La Grippe."

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF aided by RADWAY'S PILLS is the quickest and most effectual cure for

THE "GRIP."

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bonedust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price One Dollar.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Indigestion,
Biliousness,
Constipation,
Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25c per Box. Sold by druggists.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren St., New York, for Book of Advice.

SENSATIONS OF DROWNING.

A correspondent says: To stand helplessly on the river-shore and witness the struggles of a drowning fellow being is a harrowing experience, and little less than heart-rending to contemplate, but, in matters of this kind, like many others, "things are not what they seem." At any rate, death by drowning is not as horrible as it may seem to the on-looker. The thought of being dragged along the muddy bottom of the river and found later in some out of-the-way, willow-tangled spot is what adds to the horrors of such a death. The dread of such a fate is really worse than the fate itself.

I once left this world by that route as nearly as one can and get back. It was an accident, and was some twenty years ago. A companion and myself were bathing in the Ohio river. At the point where we were a large raft of logs was lashed to the bank, and for quite a long while we amused ourselves by jumping from the raft into fifteen feet of water to see who could bring up the largest number of white gravel each time. We went down several times with varying success.

The last time I made the effort I filled my lungs with air and leaped far out into the river and went to the bottom head first. I groped about for a handful of gravels and spent more time in the search than I should have done. The water was warm, however, and I had no fears of drowning.

When I could stay down no longer I started swiftly for the surface, and when within a foot of two of the top of the water my companion, not knowing exactly where I was, jumped headlong into the river. His head struck me squarely between the shoulders and knocked the last ounce of air out of my lungs and a deluge of water at once took its place. The weight of his body falling on me produced a terrible shock, and I sank to the bottom of the river like a stone. That is where I got my experience in drowning.

When the water rushed into my lungs and stomach it felt for all the world like pleurisy pain, which has also given me a tussle in later years, but was over in a second. Then my body settled quietly to the bottom and my arms fell limp at my side. In my half-conscious condition I could see all my relatives and acquaintances crowding about and looking down on me with tearful faces.

All the events, it seemed, of my prosy career passed slowly in review, and the good, bad, and indifferent acts stood out before me in bold relief. Even little schoolboy tricks claimed attention. I knew I was drowning, and remember thinking, "Why, this is not so hard after all!"

I wondered where my body would be found, and shuddered at the thought that it might never be found. I also wondered whether or not my companion had become alarmed and run away and left me to my fate, or whether he was diving here and there to find me. Then I pictured my burial, and how the clods would resound on my coffin when it was lowered into the chilly grave, and my fate would be pointed out to other boys by anxious mothers as a warning.

At the next stage I could hear bells softly ringing in the distance, together with little tinklings and chirrups sounding in my ears. Then I began to see pretty pictures. The colors of the rainbow danced before my eyes and intermingled and formed into all sorts of odd shapes. I had no pain and no fear of what was expected to follow. I seemed to be enchanted at the scene before me. Everything was light and calm, and moved about without any visible impelling force. It was like looking into a large mirror with every beautiful thing that the most vivid imagination could conjure up revealed thereby.

The last stage which I entered increased the beauty of the surroundings. All discordant noises ceased and were superseded by the softest, sweetest music that could be thought of. Apparently I had been transported to a place flooded with calm, bright sunshine. It was neither too hot nor too cold, but seemed like a clear autumn day. Then I seemed to rise from the ground and float off into space like thistle-down. Higher and higher I went until I seemed to look down on the world from a great height, and then came a blank.

The next thing I knew I was laying on the raft with my companion looking down on me with a pale face. After several unsuccessful attempts he had succeeded in finding me and getting me out of the water. By vigorously rolling me over a log he had succeeded in rekindling the little spark of life that remained. For the next half hour I think I suffered a great deal more than for the same length of time before or since. I shall never forget how it feels to drown, but would not advise anyone to try it to find out for himself. Resuscitation is too painful.

SOME MATABELE CUSTOMS.—A correspondent sends from Matabeleland some interesting details of the customs of the Matabele people. He describes the habits of theft and begging as being absolutely general through the entire nation. Indunas of the highest rank attach no idea of shame to the act of stealing; nor is it beneath the dignity of a member of the king's council to spend hours day after day in begging from a white man's camp. They look upon the white man solely as a convenient repository of desirable articles which can be begged or stolen from him without scruple or loss of self-respect. Their conversation in his tent consists mainly of entreaties that he will do himself the honor of conferring upon them guns, or jam, or his hat, or his boots, or anything that is his. If he neglects to watch them, shortly after their departure something or other will surely be missing; it may be spoons, or a knive, or a small axe, or a jar of preserves, or some other little keepsake of the kind. One induna varied the monotony of begging by himself bringing presents. It must be understood that, when one of the Matabele brings a present to a white man, he expects two things as a matter of course—first, that he will be paid for it on the spot at rather above the market rate; secondly, that, when he calls again, which is probably the next day, he will receive a return present of at least equal value. This particular nobleman was very fastidious about the quality of the gifts made to him. One day he had been more than usually exasperating. He rejected everything, steadily working his way in the meantime towards the back of the tent. "Suddenly a change came over him; he accepted without demur a piece of cloth which he had refused not five minutes before, and left the camp immediately, to our great relief. Shortly afterwards we found that a stone jar of cheese was missing. The attire of this induna was admirably suited for the 'conveyance' of such trifles, consisting as it did of a gigantic waistcoat buttoned only at the bottom, together with a kilt of jackal-skins dangling from his girdle to the ground. We have never seen that jar of cheese again; but then neither have we seen that induna, so we cannot count it wholly loss. Hopes have been entertained that he ate it, rich as it was, at a sitting, and that it did not agree with him; but, be this as it may, we have seen his face no more."

HOW A SPANIARD WON A BET.—A wealthy gentleman of Basque descent lived in the city of Mexico. He was a good deal of a madcap and noted for his daring eccentricities. The reigning viceroy, a Spanish nobleman, was especially objectionable to him; and one day, when the Basque gentleman was among some lively and congenial friends, talk fell on the law which provided that no other than the viceroy might drive about with spotted horses. This was a privilege which the viceroys were very zealous in maintaining.

As a result of the discussion, the Basque gentleman wagered with a Mexican marquis that he himself would hitch four spotted horses into his coach and drive through the principal streets of Mexico. Four thousand pounds was the amount of the wager. In a few days a handsome coach with four spotted horses was driven up the main avenue of the city, past the present Iturbide Hotel, to the very gates of the vicaregal palace.

The coach was driven several times up and down in front of the palace, while sentries presented arms, thinking it to be the viceregal coach. Some one ran upstairs and informed the viceroy himself of the presence in the street of a coach with spotted horses, and out went the pompous Spanish vice-king on to a balcony to witness with his own eyes the defiance of his privilege and infraction of the law.

The Basque gentleman leaned out of the window, saluted the viceroy most graciously, and then ordered the coachman to enter the main court-yard of the palace.

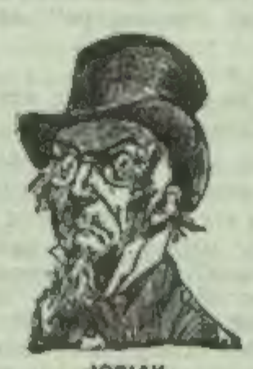
On reaching the very heart of the viceregal authority, the Basque alighted, passed gravely up the staircase to the viceregal apartments, and to the astonished and dazed functionary said, "Knowing how fond you were of horses, I have come to present you with a coach-and-four as an expression of my sincere admiration!"

The viceroy perforce had to accept the handsome gift, and could say nothing. The coach and horses cost six hundred pounds, and the clever Basque pocketed three thousand four hundred pounds profit when the wager was settled.

NEW YORK boasts a three-story building 120 feet in depth and only three feet wide, which is known as "Thompson's Jack-knife."

Lincoln Park.

During the present week there will be presented at this favorite and well-conducted Family Resort on the Delaware, the most remarkable attractions ever arranged for a riverside park. Arrangements have been made at great expense, to transport to the banks of the Delaware the famous "Night in Venice," which became famous at the Chicago's World Fair. In addition Wannemacher's Celebrated Military Band will give daily and nightly Concerts, augmented by specialty artists famous in their lines. Four Superb Steamboats leave Race and Christian Streets Wharves every day at 8, 9, 10, 10.30, 11, 11.45 A. M., 12.30, 1.15, 2, 2.45, 3.30, 4.15, 5, 5.45, 6, 6.15, 7, 8, 8.30 P. M. Round trip, 25 cents. Children, under 10 years, 10 cents.



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Thousands Sold at $2.50.

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There has been but one book written since MARK TWAIN'S palmy days that has possessed his power to charm by wit, and fascinate by fidelity to nature.

SAMANTHA

THAT LITERARY SENSATION IS

SAMANTHA at SARATOGA.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE
(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in balmy breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

ALL THE EXTREMES OF FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION.

"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE," in a vein of strong common sense that is pure and innocent as the prattle of a child, keeps the reader constantly enjoying

An Ever Fresh Feast of Fun.

It takes off follies, flirtations, low-necked dressing, dudes, pug dogs, tobogganing, etc., in the author's inimitable and mirth-provoking style.

The 100 Illustrations by Opper are Just Killing.

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TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE
PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 1's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS

FOR INVENTIONS.

Equal with the interest of those having claims against the government is that of INVENTORS, who often lose the benefit of valuable inventions because of the incompetency or inattention of the attorneys employed to obtain their patents. Too much care cannot be exercised in employing competent and reliable solicitors to procure patents, for the value of a patent depends greatly, if not entirely, upon the care and skill of the attorney.

With the view of protecting inventors from worthless or careless attorneys, and of seeing that inventions are well protected by valid patents, we have retained counsel expert in patent practice, and therefore are prepared to

Obtain Patents in the United States and all Foreign Countries, Conduct Interferences, Make Special Examinations, Prosecute Rejected Cases, Register Trade-Marks and Copyrights, Render Opinions as to Scope and Validity of Patents, Prosecute and Defend Infringement Suits, Etc., Etc.

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☞ Cut this out and send it with your inquiry. ☜

Humorous.

A HERO.

"The hero of a hundred fights!"
  Behold him yonder, calmly standing,
Dauntless as fabled Hercules,
  With head erect and chest expanding.

Mark! as he casts his vestments loose,
  No gladiator o'er look'd bolder;
See! now he tests his gleaming blade,
  And bares his sword-arm to the shoulder.

And while for action he prepares,
  His eagle eye nor quails nor blenches,
But flashes as, in years gone by,
  It flash'd across the Russian trenches.

With iron nerve and stern resolve,
  Regardless of each idle gazer,
Now raiseth he his strong right hand,
  Lathers his chin and strops his razor!

—O. N. Nonk.

A grip of iron—That of a vice.

An old-fashioned chest-protector—A padlock.

The race track is a great place at which to be overcome by the heat.

Teacher: "Can you swim, boy?" Boy: "Yes, sir." Teacher: "Where did you learn?" Boy: "In the water, sir."

Customer: "This coat fits me like a glove." Dealer, aside: "It ought to. I've had it 'on hand' long enough."

Fond mother: "Why, Jane, you let the baby swallow that pin." Jane: "Yis, mum, but it was a safety pin."

"That cat made an awful noise in the back-garden last night." "Yes, father, I suppose that since he ate the canary he thinks he can sing."

"Pretty hard times," said one mosquito. "Yes," replied the other, "I don't know when we have presented our bills so often with so few collections."

Boy: "Get a pail of water an' come quick! The chicking house is afire, an' the hens is so excited with the heat that every one of 'em is layin' fried eggs."

Never set yourself up for a musician just because you have got a drum in your ear; nor believe you are cut out for a school teacher merely because you have a pupil in your eye.

"What did Newrich say when you told him you wanted to marry his daughter?" "He didn't absolutely refuse, but he imposed a very serious condition." "What was it?" "He said he would see me hanged first."

"Didn't you tell me you could hold the plough?" said a farmer to the Irishman he had taken on trial. "Be aisy, now," said Pat. "How could I hould it an' two horses pullin' it away? Just stop the craytures and I'll hould it for ye."

General, when bullet-proof uniforms become common: "What have you learned?" Aid: "Victory will soon perch upon our banners. We have filled the enemy's clothes so full of lead that they can't move another step without undressing."

Dr. Bumps, a phrenologist: "This boy, ma'am, will never die in prison." Mrs. Gimlet: "I'm sure we ought to be thankful for that!" Dr. Bumps: "Yes; the bump of longevity is highly developed. He will live to serve out his sentence."

"How happy your wife looks, Mr. Jones, talking to that group of ladies around her!" "Yes, I know what she is talking about, my dear friend." "Some pleasant reminiscence probably?" "Not at all—she is telling them what a miserable life she leads with me."

Customer: "Hi, waiter, how much longer am I to wait for that steak, eh?"

Waiter: "Are you in a particular hurry, sir?"

Customer: "Certainly. I leave to-morrow for the Continent, and I should like that steak before I go."

Spencer: "Did you know that Mussleigh is being tried for bigamy?"

Ferguson: "Good gracious, no! Why, he married a museum freak a week or two ago; you don't mean to say he is married again?"

Spencer: "No; not exactly. You see, he married a two-headed girl and one of them got jealous and had him arrested."

The man was losing every game at cards, and the lady on the other side of the table was laughing at him.

"Ah, well," she said in sarcastic sympathy, when he had to buy another basketful of chips, "unlucky at cards, lucky at love, you know."

"Yes," he responded, with a smile, "and I guess it must be true, for you see I am still a bachelor."

A wag entered a grocer's shop some years ago, which had for its sign "The Two Baboons," and, addressing himself to the proprietor, said, "I wish to see your partner."

"I have no partner, sir."

"I beg your pardon, sir, and hope you will excuse the mistake."

"O, there's no harm done; but what made you think there were two of us?"

"Your sign," he replied—"The Two Baboons.'"

A HATTER'S CURIOUS CUSTOMERS.—"Our most troublesome customers, sir," declared a West-end head-gear provider recently to the writer, "are the old gentlemen, members of the aristocracy, and Tory club-men. You see, the young bloods are like a lot of sheep—they all run the same way, and when a new fashion in hats comes in, it's only a question of difference of size, for they all have the same style.

"But the old fellows who cling to the shapes that they wore years ago are difficult to please, and for five or six of them we make a special shape, and always keep one in stock ready for them.

"When first I came here I very nearly lost my situation by suggesting to one old gentleman that his hat was rather out of date, and advising him to take one of the latest.

"'Young man,' said he, looking sternly at me, 'you are one of those fools who think nothing is good unless it is "up to date," as you call it. In a hat like I have on, my father and grandfather helped to make your country what it is. Give me another like it.'

"Of course I smoothed the difficulty over as best I could, and put a hat of his antediluvian shape in hand at once, but a nice talking-to I got when the customer was gone.

"I afterwards heard that the old gentleman had once given a cabman who drove him to the Houses of Parliament a dollar over his fare, because the man wore and cherished an ancient "stovepipe" of a similar pattern."

DOGS OF WAR.—The dogs of war are no longer a mere poetical metaphor, but an actual fact. During the autumn manœuvres of the German army nine dogs, which had been in training six months gave excellent proof of their utility on the battlefield. The third battalion of Chasseurs, which was the first to adopt the new tactics, uses no other dogs but the Scotch and German collies. They are chiefly trained to do ordnance duty, carrying messages from post to post, and reconnoitring at night. These dogs are also trained to hunt up the wounded on battlefields, and during the late exercises, remained standing before all soldiers stretched on the ground, no matter in what remote places they were found, loudly barking until help came. They know when to seek cover from the fire of the enemy, and on their way to and from outposts avoid every civilian whom they meet on the road.

SWINDLING THE SUITORS.—"A young and beautiful Hungarian maiden, an orphan without means, but well educated, and with domestic tendencies," has been seeking a "partner in life" by the help of advertisements in various continental newspapers.

The answers to these advertisements were to be directed to Paris, and thither at least a dozen eligible offers of marriage were speedily on their way. To each of the suitors came, in due course, a modest acceptance, accompanied by an exquisite photograph, and a request for a remittance to defray traveling expenses.

By this ingenious method some three or four hundred dollars were netted, and the would-be bridegrooms are left mourning, and in mortal dread of their names appearing in the matter.

THE FAMILY.—Diametrically different constitutions and temperaments are found in the same family. One son may be gifted with talent approaching to genius in art or mechanics, while another may have no natural gift except a sturdy manhood, which every one must learn to respect, and it would be madness for one brother, with his practical every-day ideas, to argue against the other, who may seem to him but a flighty dreamer. There is room enough in the world for all kinds and conditions of men and women, provided always that they are honest and true. It is a mother's duty especially to study the inclinations of her children—to keep back no good aspiration, to check no useful talent; however mediocre it may seem to her, it may be the stepping-stone to something higher.

REDUCED RATES TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

Grand Encampment of the Knights of Pythias of the World.

The biennial encampment of the Supreme Lodge and grand encampment of the Knights of Pythias of the world will be held at the National Capital August 27th to September 5th.

For this occasion the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co. will sell round trip tickets at reduced rates from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River, August 23rd to 28th inclusive, valid for return trip until September 6th: a further extension of time to September 15th can be secured, provided the ticket is deposited with the joint agent at Washington, D. C., on or before September 6th.

The rate from Philadelphia will be $4.00, Pittsburgh $8.00, Cumberland $4.55, and correspondingly low rates from all other stations.

A HUMOROUS SNAKE.—In Miss Marianne North's "Recollections of a Happy Life" is a short description of a tame snake which deserves remembrance as being fond of a joke. Its mistress would sometimes twist the pretty bronze creature in the great plait of hair she wore round her head, and once threatened to go down thus decorated to a dinner-party of rather stiff people. But one of the snake's own eccentricities serves to distinguish it among all other reptiles of a similar nature which have served as pets. It was as fond of glittering things as its mistress herself, and, when she took off her many rings and placed them on different parts of the table, it would go about collecting them and stringing them on its lithe body. Then it would tie itself in a knot, so that the rings could not be taken off until was pleased to untie itself again.

BRIGHT EYES
—AND—
Blonde and Brunette,

Companion Pictures in Beautiful Colors as a Premium to Subscribers to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One objection to picture-premiums is that they have to be framed afterwards. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST gets over this difficulty and expense in the pair of magnificent new companion pictures, in beautiful colors, they are now offering, "BRIGHT EYES" and "BLONDE AND BRUNETTE." These pictures are two of the most beautifully-artistic, finely-colored and life-like portraitures of childhood ever put before the public. No description can give an idea of their loveliness, beauty and charm. They must be seen to be appreciated. But their chief advantage is that just as we send them they may be hung up WITHOUT FRAME OR GLASS. The frame is done without by their being held between strong, highly-polished brass borders, with hook for hanging, and the usual glass is dispensed with by the high, clear varnish, enabling the pictures to be rubbed off and dusted without injury to the delicate colors beneath. The pictures are mounted on strong paper, are 16x22 inches in size, and will be sent to every person who sends to us, direct, $2.00 for a year's subscription. Address

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DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia,
Premier Artistes IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 28, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 6th District.

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Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express, Parlor and Dining Car, Chicago Express (Sleeper) daily 8.45 p m, Buffalo Express (Sleeper) daily 9.45 p m	daily 9.00 a m
Williamsport Exp. (Parlor Cars)	w'k d's 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m
Williamsport Night Exp. (Sleeper)	daily 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.50 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.50, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.08 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamo in Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 8.00, 9.00, 10.45 a m., (Saturday only 1.30) 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 5.45 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m., 4.30, 6.30 p m. $1.00 exc. train, 7.00 a m. Sundays—Express, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 10.00 a m. 4.45 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. $1.00 exc. train 7.00 a m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot; week-days—Express, 6.20 (Mondays only 6.45), 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 10 15 a m, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 7.30, 9.30 p m. Accom., 8.10 a m, 4.32 p m. $1.00 exc. train 6.00 p m., from foot Mississippi Ave. does not stop at depot. Sundays—Express, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 9.30 p m. Accom., 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m. $1.00 exc. train, 6.30 p m., from foot of Mississippi Ave., does not stop at Depot.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Leave Brigantine, week-days, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m. Sundays, 6.55 a m, 4.25 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3002 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

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